3 1761 04386 6086

L.E.
A2257
Yp
(13) 8156 I
[Phillips, (Sir) Richard]

ADDISONIANA.

In two Volumes.

VOL. II.

Addisons House at Bilton.

420911
30.3.44

Printed for Richard Phillips, 71, St. Pauls Church Yard.

By T. Davidson, Lombard Street, Fleet Street.

PR
3306
A523
v.2

ADDISONIANA.

I. BILTON.

MR. Ireland, in his "Views on the River Avon," has gratified the public with some interesting particulars of the house at Bilton, in Warwickshire, which was formerly occupied by Mr. Addison.

"Quitting Rugby," says he, "we pass a handsome modern bridge of three circular arches, constructed of stone, thrown across the Avon at about half a mile distant from the town. The river from hence winds gently through a fertile and expanded valley, till we reach the village of Newbold; which, from its eminent situation, commands a beautiful and extensive prospect on every side. The canal is conducted through a subterraneous passage beneath part of the church-yard of Newbold, and from this

point highly increases the beauty of the surrounding scene, which includes an extended view of the meandering course of our gentle Avon, through a verdant space of fertile valleys. The spire of the church in the distance of the landscape belongs to the village of Bilton, which may well be considered as classical ground, having been the residence of Mr. Addison; a name that will ever be held in esteem by the admirer of sound criticism, chaste humour, and a correct and attic style of composition. Veneration for the character of this eminent man leads me to view the situation of his retreat, which stands about a mile distant from the banks of the Avon.

"The [preceding] view * is a faithful representation of the exterior of this house, which, tnough it cannot be truly denominated picturesque, may yet have a claim to attention, as it remains precisely in the state it was at the decease of its former possessor,

* See the title-page to this volume.

nor has the interior suffered much change in its form or decoration. The furniture and pictures hold their places with an apparent sacred attention to his memory: among the latter are three of himself, at different periods of his life, in each of which is strongly marked with the pencil, the ease of the gentleman, and open and ingenuous character of the friend to humanity. Two good portraits are likewise hanging near his own, of his friend Mr. Secretary Craggs.

"Some others of Vandyck, Van Somers, Lilly, &c. that were purchased by Mr. Addison, are to be found in other apartments, sufficient to evince that his taste was not confined to writing alone. In the grounds a long walk of beautiful Spanish chesnuts and oaks running in a strait line, still hold their primitive appearance; here he was accustomed to pass the hours in that musing, and in those reflections, from which the public have gathered so rich a fruit: it retains the name of Addison's Walk. This form of a strait line is that to which, in his earliest youth, he seems to have been at-

tached; as part of the walks in Magdalen College, which are fashioned upon this model, still pass there under his name.

"The Spanish oaks in these grounds are said to have been the first that were planted in this country; the acorns were given to him by his friend Craggs, who brought them from Spain.

"In a kind of hermitage in this walk, I found the following verses:

Sequester'd from the world, oh! let me dwell
With contemplation in this lonely cell;
By mortal eye unseen, I will explore
The various works of nature's bounteous store;
Revisit oft each flower, whose blossom fair
With fragrant sweets perfumes the ambient air;
Pry into every shrub, and mark its way
From birth to growth, from growth to sure decay:
Or else with humble thoughts my eyes I'll bend,
And view the near resemblance of my end;
Then think of death, and of eternal days,
Learn how to die, my Maker how to praise,
All ways despise that draw my mind from this,
Then strive to gain an endless age of bliss.

"I do not know that these lines were Mr. Addison's, but there is something in their versification that renders them not un-

worthy a recital. This estate was purchased by Mr. Addison in the year 1711, of the younger son of Sir William Broughton, for the sum of 10,000*l.*; in the purchase he was assisted by his brother, Mr. Gulstone Addison, governor of Fort St. George at Madras, in which station he succeeded Governor Pitt, distinguished by the appellation of Diamond Pitt.

"At the decease of Mr. Addison, in 1719, this estate came to his widow, the Countess of Warwick, from whom it devolved on their daughter, the present Mrs. Addison, whom I had the honour of seeing, at this visit, with no small degree of respect and veneration. This lady was born about a twelvemonth before the death of her father, who, as some vague reports in the country say, left a large trunk of manuscripts, with a strict injunction that they should not be opened till her decease*; if

* An ingenious friend has suggested, that it was probably the accidental circumstance of this iron chest first gave to Mr. Ireland the idea of the Shakspeare papers.

this be true, the polite and learned may, at a future day, expect what may yet further magnify the revered name of Addison."

Ireland's Picturesque Views on the Upper or Warwickshire Avon.

II. ADDISON'S FIRST ENGLISH PRODUCTION.

Addison was twenty-one years of age before he published any thing in his own language. The first performance in English which he submitted to the public, was a copy of verses addressed to Mr. Dryden.

III. QUEEN ANNE.

Queen Anne, to whom Mr. Addison had been recommended by the Duchess of Marlborough, entertained a very high opinion of him; and, as a mark of her favour and esteem, augmented the salary annexed to the place of keeper of the records, to 300*l.* a-year, and bestowed it on Addison.

IV. ADDISON, STEELE.

Whilst Mr. Addison was in Ireland, Sir Richard Steele began to publish the Tatler, which appeared for the first time, April 12, 1709. Addison, as has been before related, discovered Steele to be the author, from an observation on Virgil, which he himself had communicated to his friend. The remark in question was concerning the judgment of Virgil, in omitting, on one occasion, the usual epithet of Pius, or Pater, to Æneas. That occasion was, when he meets with Dido in the cave: where Pius would have been absurd, and Pater a burlesque. He therefore substitutes in their place Dux Trojanus, the Trojan leader.

V. MILTON.

By the criticism which Addison has given us on the Paradise Lost, he has, it is justly remarked, rescued from obscurity, and ren-

dered universally known, the first poem of modern times.

VI. DR. YOUNG.

"Addison," says Dr. Young, "prescribed a wholesome and pleasant regimen, which was universally relished and did much good. Pope preferred a purgative of satire, which, though wholesome, was too painful in its operation. Swift insisted on a large dose of ipecacuanha, which, though readily swallowed, from the fame of the physician, yet, if the patient had any delicacy of taste, he threw up the remedy instead of the disease."

VII. THE SPECTATOR SENT TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, &c.

Rare as the intercourse was between the capital and the highlands of Scotland, yet did the Spectator soon find its way regularly to that part of the kingdom. Mr. Stewart, of Dalguise, a gentleman of Perthshire, of

very great respectability, who died near ninety, about twelve or fourteen years ago, has informed us, that when, as usual in that country, the gentlemen met after church on Sunday, to discuss the news of the week, the Spectators were read as regularly as the Journal. He informs us also, that he knew the perusal of them to be general through the country.

VIII. QUEEN ANNE.

Queen Anne bestowed great praise on Addison's Cato, and intimated a wish that the tragedy should be dedicated to her. The author had proposed to inscribe it to another personage (it is said the Duchess of Marlborough), but at length published it without any dedication, and by that means, as Tickell says, neither offended his duty nor his honour.

IX. LORD EGMONT.

Lord Egmont, in his manuscript collec-

tions, has related an instance of Mr. Addison's jealousy with regard to his reputation. Having heard that a gentleman had, for his diversion, turned eight lines of Cato into burlesque, he could not rest, till by the interposition of a friend, he prevailed upon the author to burn them. As to Mr. Addison's principles, he told Lord Egmont, that an honest Englishman is a tory in church matters, and a whig in politics.

X. EMBARRASSMENT OF ADDISON.

Free and elegant as was the accustomed style of Addison, it is well known that, on many occasions, he could not satisfy the fastidiousness of his taste in his own compositions. It was his official business to write to Hanover that Queen Anne was dead: he found it so difficult to express himself suitably to his own notions of the importance of the event, that the lords of the regency were obliged to employ a Mr. Southwell, one of the clerks. Southwell stated the fact, as he was ordered, in the ordinary

perspicuity of business; and then boasted of his superiority to Addison, in having readily done that, which Addison attempting to do, had failed.

XI. COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

The precise time when Addison was introduced to the Warwick family in the capacity of tutor to the young earl, is not ascertained. From the commencement, however, it is related, he had begun to conceive an attachment to the countess. His extreme diffidence made his advances very timorous. She is said to have discovered his passion, and amused herself with it, before he assumed courage enough to declare himself her admirer. As his reputation and importance in the state became great, he ventured to solicit her with more confidence, and at last prevailed.

XII. ADDISON'S MODESTY.

From Mr. Addison's excessive modesty,

he was never able to speak in parliament; a very important inconvenience this, especially during the period that he held the high office of secretary of state, as he was thereby incapable of explaining to friends, or vindicating to opponents, the measures he supported.

XIII. MR. ADDISON TO DEAN SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Bristol, Oct.* 1, 1718.

I have received the honour of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be trusted in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir Ralph Gore that I was, by a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice, to act in it; and have since troubled my Lady Anne with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London, I

will farther enquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left me to negotiate as you propose.

I still live in hopes of seeing you in England; and if you would take my house at Bilton in the way (it lies upon the road, within a mile of Rugby) I would strive hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smallbridge, who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops; I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you; and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you *how* he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem of you, even to those who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics

enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you, and that I ever am,

DEAR SIR,

Your most obedient and

Most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

XIV. STEELE.

During the short time that Steele remained in the ranks as a common soldier, he not only rendered himself the delight of his comrades, but also presently attracted the regard of the officers. They wished to have so pleasant a fellow among them as their own companion; they accordingly procured him an ensign's commission.

Now become an officer, he gave himself up to a variety of excesses; and too fre-

quently prostituted his talents for humour and vivacity, to give his intemperance a more exquisite relish.

Happily, however, his irregularities were not uninterrupted by reflection on the vicious nature and destructive tendency of such indulgences. And it was during his intervals of sober meditation that he wrote his little treatise entitled "The Christian Hero."

XV. THE GUARDIAN.

Encouraged by the celebrity and the extensive sale of the Spectator, the Guardian was begun upon a similar plan; the professed object of which, as we learn from the preface, was, "to make the pulpit, the stage, and the bar, all act in concert in the cause of piety, justice, and virtue; and to have nothing to manage with any particular person or party."

The principal aid in the first volume was derived from Pope; in the second, from Addison.

XVI. MR. HART.

In 1717, Sir Richard Steele was appointed one of the commissioners for enquiring into the estates forfeited by the late rebellion in Scotland. He set out for the northern part of the united kingdom. By the nobility and gentry attached to the court, he was treated with great cordiality and respect. He was also very kindly received by the clergy of that country; among whom he contracted an intimacy with one Mr. Hart, a sensible facetious man. This gentleman Sir Richard used to style the hangman of the Gospel, because, though a very good-natured man on every other occasion, he used from the pulpit to denounce the terrors of hell-fire and damnation against his congregation, without any exception.

XVII. ANECDOTE OF PREACHING.

The style of preaching alluded to in the foregoing article, was by no means uncom-

mon in Scotland in that age. It is told that one of those denouncers of punishment had been preaching for a neighbouring pastor, who had not accustomed his flock to such terrible anathemas. The good man having, as it was usual with him at home, declared to the people that they were guilty of every sin and of every impiety, concluded his sermon with consigning them, without distinction, to the devil and his angels. The people considering the sentence as too severe, applied to their own minister to intercede with his friend to preach in the evening, and deliver them from that dreadful state in which he had left them in the morning. The good man complied, and after telling them that the punishment he had threatened was only against *enormous* sinners, but that he was convinced they were believers and saints; with the same unlimited liberality with which he had given them to Satan, now adjudged them a happier fate, and thus sent them all home completely satisfied.

XVIII. STEELE'S FROLIC AT EDINBURGH.

Steele, during his stay in Scotland, indulged his taste for humour, by searching into the manners of low life. With this view he prepared a splendid entertainment at Edinburgh, and ordered his servants to pick up all the beggars and poor people they could find in the streets as his guests. The servants had no difficulty in collecting a numerous company. Sir Richard soon found himself surrounded by almost a hundred beggars and decayed tradesmen. After they had dined very heartily, he plied them with port, punch, ale, and whiskey. With this frolic, he declared to his friend Mr. Addison, that besides the pleasure of filling so many empty bellies, he had learned enough humour to make a good comedy.

XIX. SIR RICHARD STEELE TO MRS. SCURLOCK, SEN.

The letter from which the following ex-

tract is taken, shews, from the statement of Sir Richard Steele himself, the exact situation of his affairs in 1707.

Lord Sunderland's Office, Whitehall,

MADAM, *Sept.* 3, 1707.

The young lady, your daughter, told me she had a letter from you, wherein you gave her the highest marks of your affection and anxiety for her welfare in relation to me. The main prospect on these occasions is that of fortune; therefore I shall very candidly give you an account of myself as to that particular. My late wife had so extreme a value for me, that she, by fine, conveyed to me her whole estate, situate in Barbadoes, which, with the stock and slaves (proper securities being given for the payment of the rent) is let for 850*l.* per annum, at half-yearly payments; that is to say, 425*l.* each first of May, and 425*l.* each first of December. This estate came to her encumbered with a debt of 3000*l.* by legacies and debts of her brother, whose executrix she was, as well as heiress. I must

confess it has not been in my power to lessen the incumbrance, by reason of chargeable sicknesses, and not having at that time any employment of profit. But at present, and ever since May last, I have been appointed by the secretaries of state to write the gazette, with a salary of 300*l.* a-year, paying a tax of 45*l.* I am also gentleman waiter to his royal highness the prince, with a salary of 100*l.* a-year, not subject to taxes.

Thus my whole income is at present, per annum - - -	£1250
Deduct the interest of 3000*l.* - 180*l.*	225
Ditto taxes for my employment, 45*l.*	
Remains after these deductions -	£1025

This is, madam, the present state of my affairs; and though this income is so large, I have not taken any regard to lay up any thing further than just what pays the interest above mentioned.

Writing is painful to me. If you inclose your letters to your daughter, they will

come free, to " Richard Steele, Esq. at the Secretary's office, Whitehall."

XX. STEELE, SAVAGE.

Steele had, with his usual benevolence, shewn very great kindness to the unfortunate Savage, natural son, as is supposed, to the Earl of Rivers. He promoted his interest with the most ardent zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, and took every opportunity of recommending him to his friends. He proposed to contract an affinity with him by marrying him to his own natural daughter, and intended to give her a thousand pounds; but Steele conducted his affairs so imprudently, that he was too often unable to perform his promises, or to execute his intentions. However, he gave Savage a certain allowance, until the marriage should be consummated. Whilst affairs were in this state, he one evening told Savage, with an air of very great importance, to come to his house early the next morning. Savage did so,

and found Sir Richard waiting for him, and the chariot at the door. Savage could not conjecture whither they were going, or what was intended, and did not choose to enquire. They seated themselves in the carriage: the coachman was ordered to drive on: they drove with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner. They stopped at a petty tavern near the gate, and retired to a private room; Sir Richard then informed Savage, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither to be his amanuensis. Sir Richard ordered dinner at a certain hour. They set to work; Steele dictated, and Savage wrote, till their repast was ready. Savage was surprised with the meanness of the entertainment, which was by no means in Sir Richard's usual style. Contrary to his custom, the knight ordered no wine. Savage, after some hesitation, imputing the omission to forgetfulness, ventured to ask for a bottle. Sir Richard, after remonstrating against such extravagance, at last consented. They then finished their dinner, proceeded with

the pamphlet, and concluded it in the evening. Savage then expected his task was over, and that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning. He was mistaken; Sir Richard told him he had not a farthing in his pocket, and that he must go out and sell the pamphlet before the reckoning could be paid. Savage was accordingly obliged to offer this new production for sale, and obtained two guineas for it. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to discharge the reckoning.

XXI. STEELE, ADDISON.

The harshness of Mr. Addison towards his friend, in a certain money transaction, has been related in a former article. When, however, we consider the careless and extravagant temper of Sir Richard Steele, it will be no difficult thing to conceive that Addison's conduct on that occasion was dictated by the kindest motives; and that the step, apparently so severe, was designed

to awaken him, if possible, to a sense of the impropriety of his mode and habits of life. Unhappily for Steele, the correction administered by his friend, in this as in other seasons, was too little regarded; for Steele persevered in those irregularities which ultimately produced his ruin.

The following are two memorable examples of his expence and improvidence, whilst they at the same time shew his natural turn for humour under all circumstances.

Steele one day invited several persons of rank and quality to dine at his house. The company were surprised to see the number of footmen which surrounded the table. After dinner, when wine and lively conversation had dispelled ceremony and restraint, a nobleman asked the knight how so large and expensive a train of servants accorded with his fortune? Sir Richard very ingenuously confessed, they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. Being asked why then he did not discharge them, he declared that they were bailiffs,

who had introduced themselves with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him honour whilst they staid.

Steele had at one time formed a project of converting part of his house into a sort of a theatre, for reciting passages from the most approved authors, ancient and modern. He had, as usual with him, never considered whether he could derive any advantage from the execution of that project, or whether his finances would bear the expences. A splendid theatre was constructed, and finished under his direction. Steele was delighted with the appearance of the place; and wishing to know if it was equally fitted for pleasing the ear as the eye, desired the carpenter, who had undertaken and completed the work, to go to a pulpit at one end of the room, and from thence to pronounce some sentences, whilst himself at the other should judge of the effect. The carpenter being mounted in the pulpit, declared himself at a loss how to begin, or what to say. Sir

Richard told him to speak whatever was uppermost in his mind. The carpenter, thus directed, in a distinct and audible voice called out, "Sir Richard Steele, here has I, and these here men, been doing your work for three months, and never seen the colour of your money.—When are you to pay us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have." Sir Richard replied, that he was delighted with the oratory, but by no means approved of the subject.

XXII. EUSTACE BUDGELL.

This gentleman, it is well known, was the author of many of the papers in the Spectator. He was the first cousin to Mr. Addison, to whom he had been introduced on his coming to town. Mr. Addison, perceiving in young Budgell a love for polite learning, assisted him with his advice in the course of his study, and honoured him with his friendship.

When Mr. Addison was appointed secretary to Lord Wharton, in April, 1710, he offered his friend Budgell the place of clerk

in his office, which he accepted, and this was his first introduction to public notice.

Mr. Budgell is said to have contributed to the Tatler ; but his papers are not ascertained. In the Spectator he had the most considerable share after Steele and Addison. The papers marked with the letter X are all written by Mr. Budgell. He also wrote those papers in the Guardian distinguished by an asterisk.

XXIII. DEATH OF EUSTACE BUDGELL.

The termination of this gentleman's life was truly deplorable. From a variety of imprudences—upon which it would be painful to dwell—he was reduced to great distress in his circumstances. His miserable condition preyed so on his mind, that he became visibly deranged. He, in 1736, took a boat at Somerset-stairs, having previously loaded his pocket with stones. He ordered the waterman to shoot the bridge. While the boat was passing under the arch, he

threw himself into the river and perished immediately.

XXIV. JOHN HUGHES.

The papers in the Tatler, No. 73, No. 113, and No. 164, are by Mr. Hughes; as are also the following numbers in the Spectator: No. 33, a letter on the art of improving beauty; No. 53, a second letter on the same subject; No. 66, on fine breeding; No. 91, the history of Flavia and Honoria; a letter, No. 104; No. 141, a criticism on a play entitled the Lancashire Witches; No. 210, on the immortality of the soul; a letter in No. 220, on the mechanical experiments for wit; No. 230, on benevolence; No. 231, on the art of appearing before public assemblies; No. 237, on Divine providence; a letter in No. 252, on the eloquence of fainting fits; No. 311, a letter; No. 375, a picture of virtue in distress, or the history of Amanda; No. 525, on conjugal love; No. 537, on the dignity of human nature; No.

541, rules for pronunciation. No. 354, the last but one of the seventh volume, is one of the best of Mr. Hughes's productions. The subject is the improvement of genius, illustrated in the characters of Lord Bacon, Bayle, Newton, and some others.

XXV. TICKELL.

Tickell is believed to have contributed frequently to the Spectator; but it has not been ascertained which were his papers. Those marked with the letter R are all Steele's, as are many of those marked with T. It has been said that the latter mark was sometimes used by Tickell; but no proof has ever been adduced to support the assertion. There are more letters in the paper marked with R and T than with any others. It is probable some of these were Tickell's. He was very much both with Addison and Steele; and as Sir Richard was often in a hurry, either from his politics, his friendly concern for others, or his dissipation, it would be natural for him to apply

to Tickell to eke out his own scanty materials. Besides the assistance given to the Spectator, Mr. Tickell also wrote several papers in the Guardian.

Mr. Addison loved Tickell as a son, and did every thing he could to serve him; and when he went into Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, he took Tickell with him and employed him in public business.

In 1717, when Addison was appointed secretary of state, he made Tickell under-secretary; and his friendship with Addison continued without abatement till that great man's death.

With respect to the personal character of Mr. Tickell, he is said to have been a man of most pleasing manners, and unquestionable honour and integrity. He died April 23, 1740, at Bath.

XXVI. POPE.

The papers in the Spectator—No. 404, on the adaptation of our pursuits to our talents and dispositions; No. 408, on the prin-

ciples enlarged upon in the Essay on Man; and No. 429, a vision; are by Mr. Pope, with several others which have not been ascertained.

XXVII. POPE'S "DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL."

About the end of the year 1712, Pope produced the ode entitled "The Dying Christian to his Soul," in imitation of the famous verses which the emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed.

"Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca."

Mr. Pope, as he writes to the Spectator, had been one day in company with some men of learning, who all agreed that those verses were written in a style of gaiety not suitable to that great character in such a situation. Pope dissented from that opinion. The diminutive epithets, vagula, blandula,

pallidula, nudula, are reckoned by Pope not expressions of levity, but of endearment and tenderness. He copies, in his letter to the Spectator, a translation of the verses, which he had formerly written. Steele urged him to write an ode on the subject, and to make the dying person a Christian. Pope complied, and sent it to Steele as soon as he had composed it. "You have it," says he, in a letter to Steele, "as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain: it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you'll see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragments of Sappho."

XXVIII. MR. POPE'S PAPERS IN THE GUARDIAN.

To the periodical paper of the Guardian Mr. Pope was a frequent contributor. His writings in that paper are observations concerning the Little Club; wherein he describes himself under the name of Dick Distich, the

diminutive poet; a letter subscribed Gnatho; the Gardens of Alcinous; and the ironical criticism on the Pastorals of Philips. This last has been particularly noticed in a former article.

XXIX. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM.

Pope, in 1715, prevailed on his father to sell the estate at Binfield. He purchased the house at Twickenham, so much celebrated from his residence in it, and retired thither with his parents.

There he planted the vines and the quincunx which he has recorded in his poems; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and rendered it a grotto.

Mr. Pope's celebrated character of Atticus, which he engrafted into his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,"—and which, as has been already stated, was designed for Mr. Addison, —was written at this house, and is said to

have been one of the first productions of his pen after he had entered his new residence.

XXX. VOLTAIRE.

In the year 1726, Voltaire, having visited England, was introduced to Pope. Being invited to dine with him, he talked at table with such combined indecency and blasphemy, as compelled Mr. Pope's mother, with disgust and horror, to leave the company. Pope disrelished Voltaire from that time; and soon found, that the blasphemer of his Creator was equally deficient in honour and integrity as in piety. He discovered that he was employed as a spy by the court, consequently that he was unworthy of all confidence.

XXXI. MONTAIGNE.

When Mr. Addison lodged in Kensington-square, he had a particular occasion to read over some of Montaigne's Essays, but find-

ing little or no information in the chapters of what their titles promised, he flung the book by, rather wearied and confused than satisfied. Upon which a gentleman present said, "Well, what think you of this famous French author?" "Think!" said he, smiling; "why, that a pair of manacles or a stone doublet would probably have been of some service to the author's infirmity." "How, sir!" said the other; "what, imprison a man for a singularity in writing?" "Why, let me tell you, sir," replied Mr. Addison, "if he had been a horse, he would have been pounded for straying; and why he ought to be more favoured because he 's a man, I cannot understand."

XXXII. SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Bishop Hoadley was once invited, and was present, when bishop of Bangor, at one of the whig meetings at the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, where Steele rather exposed himself in his zeal, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate

the immortal memory of king William, it being the 4th of November, as to unite in company with a party of private friends, so soon as this commemoration was over.

John Sly, the hatter, of facetious memory, was in the house; and when pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand, to drink it off to the immortal memory, and to retire in the same manner. Steele whispered to the bishop, who sat next him, "Do laugh; 't is humanity to laugh."

Sir Richard being in the evening too much in the same condition, was put into a chair and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and contrived to get him up stairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them down stairs again, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed. Next morning he was much ashamed, and sent the bishop this distich:

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

On such another occasion the waiters were hoisting him into a hackney-coach, with some labour and pains, when a tory mob was passing by, and their cry was, *Down with the rump, &c.* "*Up* with the rump," cried Sir Richard to the waiters, "or I shall not get home to-night."

XXXIII. ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following advertisements are inserted in the 537th No. of the Spectator, in folio, November 15th, 1712:

"Continued to be sold, neat French brandy, full proof and of fine flavour, at £94. per ton, and at 8*s.* a gallon! for any quantity less than half a hogshead."

"An incomparable pleasant tincture to restore the sense of smelling, though lost for many years. A few drops snuffed up the nose infallibly cures those who have lost their smell, let it proceed from what cause soever."

In No. 546, dated the 25th of the same month, is advertised, "At Punch's Theatre,

the Blind Beggar of Bednal-Green. No persons to be admitted with masks or riding-hoods;" then the distinction of women of the town, as stated in a former article.

XXXIV. EPILOGUE TO THE DISTRESSED MOTHER.

This admired epilogue is, in the last paper of the seventh volume of the Spectator, ascribed to Mr. Budgell, who usually signed his communications with the letter X. It was known however in Tonson's family, and told to Mr. Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of this epilogue; and that when it was actually printed with his name, he came early in the morning before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Mr. E. Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicitation which Addison was then making for a place for Mr. Budgell, whom he used to denominate "the man who calls me cousin;" and he really was, as has been before mentioned, Addison's first cousin.

XXXV. MR. RICHARD INCE.

" Postscript.

" It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the Spectator, that I owe several excellent sentiments, and agreeable pieces in this work, to Mr. Ince, of Gray's Inn.

" Richard Steele."

Spectator, No. 555, Dec. 6, 1712.

This ingenious gentleman having given directions to his executors to burn all his papers and MSS. it has never been ascertained which were the articles that he from time to time contributed.

XXXVI. EIGHTH VOLUME OF SPECTATOR.

In the first seven volumes of the Spectator, the papers were published every day, Sunday excepted; those in the eighth volume came out only three times a-week. Steele, it is said, had no concern in the last volume, which, we are told, was mostly

composed by Addison and Mr. Eustace Budgell. There are none of the papers in it lettered at the end, as they are in the other seven volumes.

XXXVII. THE REV. MR. HENRY GROVE.

The papers in the Spectator, Nos. 588, 601, 626, and 635, were written by the Rev. Mr. Henry Grove. This learned and worthy man was a much-respected dissenting minister, who kept an academy at Taunton in Somersetshire.

XXXVIII. ADVERTISEMENT.

"On Friday the 3d of October next, John Abrahall, with a coach and able horses, sets out from the Bull's-Head, the lower end of Gray's-Inn-Lane, to bring company from Bath. This is to give notice, that any person may be carried to Bath, or any other place on that road, at a reasonable rate."

Spectator, No. 597, Sep. 22, 1714.

It is to be lamented that the advertiser did not add the rate, as well as the time required for conveying passengers to the Bath (as it was then called). From the formality of the advertisement, we may judge that this journey was in that day a very serious and important undertaking. It is now (1803) the trifling business of a few hours.

XXXIX. GREGORIO LETI.

Gregorio Leti, mentioned in the Spectator, No. 632, boasted that he had been the author of a book, and the father of a child, for twenty years successively.

Swift counted the number of steps he made from London to Chelsea; and it is said and demonstrated in the Parentalia, that bishop Wren walked round the earth while a prisoner in the Tower of London.

XL. TACITURNITY OF ADDISON.

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are, says an elegant essayist, well

known. He preserved a rigid silence among strangers; but, if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. He probably at that moment laboured more in his reflections than had he been in his study. It was this silence that enlightened a whole nation diurnally.

XLI. CATO.

The following are some further particulars of the motives which at last prevailed upon Mr. Addison to finish his tragedy of Cato, and to bring it on the stage. The tragedy of Cato was first acted in the year 1713, and was, as has been already told, then brought upon the stage in a great measure owing to Mr. Hughes. It had been affirmed by good judges, that Cato was not a proper subject for a dramatic poem. That the character of a stoic philosopher is inconsistent with the hurry and tumult of action and passion, which are the soul of tragedy. That the ingenious author miscarried in the plan of his work, but supported it by

the dignity, the purity, the beauty, and justness of the sentiments. This was so much the opinion of Mr. Maynwaring*, who was generally allowed to be one of the best critics of the time, that he was against bringing the play upon the stage, and it lay by unfinished several years. That it was played at last was owing to Mr. Hughes. He had read the four acts which were finished, and thought it would be of service to the public to have it represented at the end of Queen Anne's reign, when the old English spirit of liberty was thought to be in danger. He endeavoured to bring Mr. Addison into his opinion, which he did so far as to procure his consent, that it should be acted, if Mr. Hughes would write the last act: and he offered him the scenery for his assistance, excusing his not finishing it himself, on acount of some other avocations. He pressed Mr. Hughes to do it so earnestly, that he was prevailed on, and set about it.

---

* Arthur Maynwaring, Esq. author of the Medley, &c.

But, a week after, seeing Mr. Addison again, with an intention to communicate to him what he had thought of it, he was agreeably surprised at his producing some papers, where near half of the act was written by the author himself, who, it is said, took fire at the hint that it would be serviceable, and upon a second reflection went through with the fifth act; not that he was diffident of Mr. Hughes's ability, but knowing that no man could have so perfect an idea of his design as himself, who had been so long and so carefully thinking of it. "I was told this," says Mr. Maynwaring, "by Mr. Hughes; and I tell it, to shew that it was not for the love scenes, that Mr. Addison consented to have his tragedy acted, but to support the old Roman and English public spirit among his countrymen."

XLII. MONSIEUR ST. EVREMOND.

In 1664 M. St. Evremond published a work entitled Judgment upon Seneca, Plutarch, and Petronius, in which he observes

that Petronius's love for pleasures "did not render him an enemy to business; that he had the merit of a governour in his government of Bithynia, and the virtue of a consul in his consulship." He does not forget Petronius's death, which he considers as the most glorious of antiquity; and shews that it has something more great and noble in it, than either that of Cato or Socrates. "Petronius," says he, "leaves us nothing at his death but an image of life: no action, no word, no circumstance, shews the perplexity of a dying man; it is with him properly that to die is to cease to live." Mr. Addison has made some animadversions upon this passage of M. St. Evremond, deserving our highest regard.

Having observed that the end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo; he proceeds to say "that there is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer

or other, and censured or applauded, *according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it.*" "Monsieur de St. Evremond," continues he, "is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution, than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives; the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above mentioned was so

pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More."

XLIII. "THE DRUMMER, OR THE HAUNTED HOUSE."

It was currently reported in the neighbourhood of Tadworth (not far from Amesbury) that the house of a Mr. Mompessim of that town was infested with a demon. Upon this story, related to him in early life, it is said Mr. Addison imbibed the first idea of writing his play of "The Drummer, or the Haunted House."

XLIV. MISS ADDISON.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for March, 1797, we find inserted the following article. "At Bilton, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, died Miss Addison, only surviving daughter of the celebrated Joseph Addison, Esq. born just before his death, in 1718, by Sarah

Countess dowager of Warwick, daughter of Thomas Dashwood, Esq. Alderman of London. Miss Addison was buried at Bilton, on the 10th of March. Many years since, she made her last will in favour of the third son of Lord Bradford, who now comes in for her estate. There are left at her house at Bilton several portraits of Mr. Addison and his friends, and his library, which, it is presumed, contains many valuable books and MSS. She inherited her father's memory, but none of the discriminating powers of his understanding; with the retentive faculties of Fedediah Buxton, she was a perfect imbecile. She could go on in any part of her father's works, or repeat the whole, but was incapable of speaking or writing an intelligible sentence."

In a succeeding number * of the same magazine, a correspondent has thought fit to correct some errors in the above account of Miss Addison; and as the writer appears

* For May.

to speak from personal acquaintance with this lady, we subjoin his remarks.

" Looking into your obituary, I saw an account of Miss Addison, the daughter of the author of the Spectator. The circumstances that relate to her family are certainly very erroneous. The countess her mother's christian name was *Charlotte*, and the father of the countess was Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle, Denbighshire ; and her mother's surname was Bridgman. The countess was an only daughter. Miss Addison was born in London, and was twelve years old when the countess died ; was educated at a school in Queen's-square, and afterwards had a house of her own in Burlington-street. Perhaps the report which you have given in your useful miscellany, about the strength of her memory and the weakness of her understanding, is almost as wide from the truth as the account of her family. I have not conversed very frequently with her ; but enough to be convinced that her memory, though good, was not so extraordinary as is represented. I have heard her repeat

some of the poetical parts of the Spectator, which she did with considerable accuracy of memory, and great propriety of emphasis. But I do not believe that she could have repeated one prose paper out of all her father's works. She could have given an account of the contents of many. She read them frequently. I have been told that she spoke French with fluency; and a person who had opportunities of observing, informed me that she spelt it with correctness. She was very deaf; but when she could hear the questions which were put to her, she answered them with sound judgment and a steady recollection. So far is it from being true that she could not write or speak a single sentence intelligibly, that I am persuaded she could do both as well as the generality of other people. It is true, that she was in no respect to be compared with her father in point of understanding; but how few are those that can admit of such a comparison? It is by no means true, that she was an *imbecile*, or such a prodigy of memory. Her memory was strong, but not marvellous; her under-

standing was good, but not particularly great. It was beneath admiration, and far above contempt. It must not be dissembled, that it was at intervals clouded, but not for any great continuance of time; and perhaps she possessed her faculties in the extreme period of her life, as well and as fully as in any of the former."

(Signed) "H. R."

XLV. ADDISON'S LIBRARY.

Some time after the death of Miss Addison, the books which she left were removed from Bilton, and disposed of by public sale in London.

Curiosity was much awakened on this occasion; as it was hoped that some relic or memorial migh be found in many of the volumes in the hand-writing of Miss Addison's illustrious father. Herein, however, the public were a good deal disappointed: nothing of this kind appearing, and only a few of the volumes were distinguished by his name in his own hand-writing; so that

these books fetched in the general not higher prices than might have been obtained for the same works from almost any other collection.

The library consisted of eight hundred and fifty-six lots, and was sold by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, on the 27th of May, 1799, and three following days, for the sum of £456. 2*s*. 9*d*.

On the fifth day were sold the medals, jewels, &c. for £97. 2*s*. 2*d*.

XLVI. THE SPECTATOR.

It has been justly remarked, that posterity must have a high idea of the manners and good sense of the British nation, when they are informed that twenty thousand of the Spectators were oftentimes sold in a single day.

XLVII. CHARACTER OF ADDISON.

"Mr. Addison," says one of his biographers, "as he was superior to most of his

contemporaries in other things, so he particularly excelled them in this—that his performances are equally perfect; nothing puerile in the most early, nothing below his genius in the last: constant to his principles and to his friendships, he died as he lived, esteemed and revered by the great, without raising any enemies, except such as were so on account of party; and even those expressed their enmity with reluctance; such was their admiration of his virtues.

XLVIII. THE REGISTER.

When the Guardian was dropped, Mr. Addison was solicited by Mr. Hughes to unite with him in writing another periodical paper, entitled The Register; but he declined the proposal, though with great marks of regard to Mr. Hughes, of whose abilities and character he had a high and just esteem. Mr. Addison alleged, that he had been so employed in thoughts of that nature for two or three years past, that he must take some

time to rest himself, and lay in fuel for a future work. See a subsequent article.

XLIX. ADDISON'S SATURDAYS' PAPERS IN THE SPECTATOR.

It has been said that many of these papers, which are commonly on religious subjects, were designed originally for sermons, and were written at the time when Mr. Addison was importuned to take holy orders; from which, as Mr. Whiston reports, he was diverted principally by Lord Halifax and Lord Somers.

L. MR. WHISTON.

Mr. Addison was a great friend to Mr. Whiston, and, in conjunction with Sir Richard Steele, by procuring a number of benefactors to the astronomical lectures of that very learned person, contributed to the comfortable support of him and his family, when he had been banished from the University

of Cambridge for attacking the commonly-received doctrine of the Trinity.

LI. ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

In the project which Mr. Addison had formed of composing an English dictionary, he considered archbishop Tillotson's writings as the chief standard of our language; and accordingly marked, as the groundwork of his design, the particular phrases in the sermons published during his grace's life-time.

LII. ADDISON'S PREFACE TO VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS.

If any one should enquire, why Mr. Addison was content the world should know he translated one of Virgil's Georgicks, and at the same time desired to conceal his writing what Mr. Dryden placed as a preface to his translation of the Georgicks, it will be no difficult thing to satisfy him. The version was what many people had done, and any

body might do; but the essay was an untried strain of criticism, which bore a little hard upon the old professors of that art, and therefore was not so fit for a young man to take upon himself. In this light Mr. Dryden's justice, and Mr. Addison's prudence, are alike conspicuous. The former was above assuming unjustly the praise of other people's writings, and the latter was remarkable for keeping so strict a rein upon his wit, that it never got the start of his wisdom.—*Biographia Britannica, article Addison.*

LIII. ADDISON'S EARLY MERIT.

Mr. Addison became a demy of Magdalen College in Oxford, by merit, at the age of seventeen; and those who remember him at college, affirm, that his temper was the same it appeared ever afterwards; that is to say, his abilities were exceeded by nothing but his modesty.

LIV. ADDISON'S "ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS."

ADDRESSED TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL.

"Among all Mr. Addison's poems, there is not one," says an able writer, "which is more properly an original than this account of the greatest English poets to Mr. Henry Sacheverell; nor will a judicious reader find more pleasure in reading any of his works, than in perusing this. The judgment of a great poet on the writings of his predecessors, written in the dawn of his days, when, without doubt, he spoke more freely than he could have afterwards done, must always be considered as a curiosity. I should not however have stopt at this poem, had it not been to quote some lines from it; which, if carefully considered, seem to carry in them some memoirs of the life of Mr. Addison. Towards the conclusion of the poem, he says,

> Congreve, whose fancy's unexhausted store
> Has giv'n already much, and promis'd more—

Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment, fam'd.
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose, familiar strains!
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his armies set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea:
Nor Simois, choak'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.

"Two remarks may be made on these lines: the first, that Mr. Congreve about this time had introduced Mr. Addison to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Sir Richard Steele informs us; the other, that Mr. Sacheverell had not as yet any qualms about the revolution, otherwise his friend would not have written to him in these terms. This is very honourable for Mr. Addison;

since it makes it clear, that when he differed afterwards from this gentleman, he did not differ from himself, but adhered to those principles which Sacheverell had deserted."

LV. STEELE, TICKELL.

Sir Richard Steele differs from Mr. Tickell in his account of Mr. Addison's conduct and views with respect to the priesthood. Speaking to Mr. Congreve: "As you," says Sir Richard, "were the inducement of his becoming acquainted with my lord Halifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm instances that noble lord made to the head of the college, not to insist upon Mr. Addison's going into orders. His arguments were founded upon the general pravity and corruption of men of business, who wanted liberal education; and I remember, as if I had read the letter yesterday, that my lord ended with a compliment, that however he might be represented as no friend to the church, he would never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it.

The contention for this man in his early years among the people of the greatest power, Mr. Secretary Tickell, the executor of his fame, is pleased to ascribe to a serious visage and modesty of behaviour."

LVI. ADDISON'S DEDICATION OF HIS TRAVELS.

This dedication to Lord Somers—Addison's first patron—has been often and very deservedly admired. It is (in the language of a writer already quoted) one of the finest and best-turned compliments that ever entered a dedication; inasmuch as, in a single paragraph, the patron, the subject, and the client, are all connected with the greatest propriety in point of thought, and the greatest beauty in regard to style. "I had," says Mr. Addison, "a very early ambition to recommend myself to your lordship's patronage, which yet increased in me as I travelled through the countries of which I here give your lordship some account; whatever great impressions an Englishman must

have of your lordship, they who have been conversant abroad, will find them still improved. It cannot but be obvious to them, that though they see your lordship's admirers every-where, they meet with very few of your well-wishers at Paris or at Rome. And I could not but observe, when I passed through most of the protestant governments in Europe, that their hopes or fears for the common cause rose or fell with your lordship's interest and authority in England."

LVI. ADDISON'S LETTER FROM ITALY.

This poem was translated by the abbot Antonio Maria Salvine, Greek professor at Florence, into Italian verse; which translation is printed with the original, in Mr. Tickell's quarto edition of Mr. Addison's works. It has been well observed, it is not to be wondered at that this poem is in the highest esteem in Italy, since there are in it the best-turned compliments on that country that are perhaps to be found in any lan-

guage. Add to this, that the Italians must naturally apprehend their force as well, or better, than ourselves, on account of their familiarity with the objects described. It may likewise be remarked, that the opening of this poem is peculiarly graceful, and alike honourable for the writer and the patron.

> While you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
> And from Britannia's public posts retire;
> Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
> For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
> Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
> Through nations fruitful of immortal bays,
> Where the soft season, and inviting clime,
> Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

Lord Halifax, to whom this epistle is addressed, had that year been impeached by the Commons in parliament, for procuring exorbitant grants from the crown to his own use; and further charged with cutting down and wasting the timbers in his majesty's forests, and with holding several offices in the exchequer that were inconsistent, and designed as checks upon each other. The commons had addressed the king to remove him from his councils and presence for ever.

These were the causes of his retiring; and Mr. Addison's address at this time, is a noble proof of his gratitude, as the manner of it will be a lasting monument of his good sense.

LVIII. TATLER.

Of the essays in the Tatler it has been remarked, that it is impossible to be serious while we are reading such of them as are humorous: or not to be grave while we are perusing such as are of an opposite cast.

LIX. ADDISON'S "FREEHOLDER."

The Freeholder is, without question, the most indubitable proof of the use a man of true wit, and reasonable application, may be of to any administration. The numerous pieces of Sir Roger L'Estrange were all calculated either to make the people laugh, or to put them in a passion. Dr. Woodward's periodical papers were all politics, and consequently too dry for the generality of readers. During the reign of the queen,

polemic writings were not only sharp, but bitter; and their authors studied rather to make their adversaries feel the quickness of their reproaches, than to persuade them by sound argument; much less to invite them, by moderate and gentle applications, to their different humours and ways of thinking. The Freeholder hath avoided all these faults, and with an inexhaustible fund of humour, mingles sometimes the gravest reasonings, and at others the kindest expostulations. Beautiful descriptions, exquisite allegories, visions almost more than human; and, in fine, whatever might please, whatever could move, whatever seemed fitted to attract, is to be found in those inimitable essays: and one may speak it without fear of being contradicted by any man who reads them, that they are the best-turned papers with a view for the purpose for which they were written, that were ever penned. Mr. Addison, without question, wrote them in consequence of his principles, out of a desire of removing prejudices, and from a strong inclination to settle the government, and make the country

happy. The making him secretary of state, therefore, was but doing him justice for so extraordinary and well-timed a service, which more than balanced that deficiency which he objected against his own preferment, his being no speaker in the House of Commons.—*Biographia Britannica, article Addison.*

LX. MR. ADDISON'S COMEDY OF THE DRUMMER.

The Drummer was first published without any author's name, but with a preface prefixed by Sir Richard Steele, wherein he tells us, that it had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under his perusal, he thought so well of it, that he persuaded him to make some additions and alterations, and let it appear on the stage. He owns that it was not well received, or at least, not so well received as it deserved; which he accounts for by observing that the strokes therein are too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly; and he adds, that his brother sharers were of opinion, that

it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. Mr. Tickell, publishing Mr. Addison's works in 1721, omitted this comedy, which Sir Richard Steele so much resented, that he quickly after published a second edition of it, with an epistle to Mr. Congreve thereto prefixed. In this epistle he asserts, that he recommended the play to the stage, and carried it to the press; he likewise tells us the price it was sold for, viz. fifty guineas. He refers himself to his former preface for a proof of his zeal on that occasion, which, he observes, could flow from nothing else than his affection for the author. For as to the share that any one else had in it, he is positive it very little exceeded that of an amanuensis. "But indeed," continues he, "had I not known at the time of the transaction concerning the acting on the stage and sale of the copy, I should I think have seen Mr. Addison in every page of it; for he was above all men in that talent called humour, &c.

"They who shall read this play after being

let into the secret that it was written by Mr. Addison, or under his direction, will probably be attentive to those excellencies which they before overlooked, and wonder they did not, till now, observe that there is not an expression in the whole piece which has not in it the most nice propriety and aptitude to the character which utters it: there is that smiling mirth, that delicate satire, and genteel raillery, which appeared in Mr. Addison when he was free among intimates; I say, when he was free from his remarkable bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit, and his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties that are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed. The Drummer made no great figure on the stage, though exquisitely well acted; but when I observe this, I say a much harder thing of the stage than of the comedy. When I say the stage in this place, I am understood to mean in general the present state of theatrical representations; where nothing that is not violent, and, as I may

say, grossly delightful, can come on without hazard of being condemned or slighted."

This play, which failed when inimitably acted at Drury-lane, was, when much worse performed, loudly applauded at Mr. Rich's house, merely because it was then known to be Mr. Addison's. How honourable this for the author! how dishonourable for the audience! how happy was he to have his former writings read by better judges!

LXI. THE RESPECT SHEWN TO MR. ADDISON BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

It would be endless to reckon up the number of Mr. Addison's friends, among persons of distinction in his day; for it would include most of the great men in the kingdom, at the head of whom may be placed Lord Somers and the celebrated Earl of Halifax. Of the illustrious foreigners who subscribed for his works, may be named the following personages: the queen of Sweden, his royal highness the duke of Orleans regent of France, the Great Duke of Tuscany, the

Great Prince of Tuscany, the Duke of Modena, the Duke of Parma, the Prince of Modena, the Prince of Parma, the Doge of Venice, the Duke of Guastalla, Prince Eugene, Cardinal del Giadice, Cardinal du Bois, and Marshal d'Estrees. To mention the great names of our own nation, would be to transcribe the lists of our nobility.

LXII. ATTICUS.

An author in Mist's Journal speaks of this celebrated character in these terms: "Mr. Addison raised this author, *i. e.* Pope, from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interest with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual contributions on the public.

"No sooner was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public."

LXIII. ACT FOR STRENGTHENING THE PROTESTANT INTEREST, &c.

It has been asserted by a late writer*, that when Lord Guernsey, during the debates (January, 1719) on the bill for strengthening the protestant interest, moved for a clause to be added to the bill, to oblige every person who took the abjuration oath, to acknowledge the divine inspiration of the Bible and the doctrine of the Trinity, he was supported in his motion by Mr. Addison; but this does not appear to be the fact. When the bill came to be considered in the House of Commons on the 7th of January, 1718-19, it was there as warmly debated as it had previously been in the House of Lords; and on the 9th of January, when the house went into a committee on the bill, Lord Guernsey moved, "That it be an instruction to the said committee, that they have power to re-

* Dr. Maty.

ceive a clause, that any person when he comes to take the oath of abjuration, and other oaths, subsequent to his receiving the sacrament, in order to his qualification, shall acknowledge that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were given by Divine inspiration, and shall acknowledge his firm faith and belief in the ever-blessed Trinity."

The previous question being put on this motion, it passed in the negative by a majority of ninety voices; several members who opposed the bill in general, having disapproved of Lord Guernsey's amendment. Mr. Addison was one of the members who divided for the bill on the 7th of January, and his not voting against Lord Guernsey's motion might arise from his absence. This will be esteemed the more probable, on considering the state of his health. His attendance in the first day's debate, on which the success of the cause depended, was in all likelihood as much as his strength could bear.

In estimating the character of Addison,

the subject of enquiry here discussed cannot be deemed unimportant.

LXIV. MR. RUFFHEAD.

Mr. Ruffhead, in his Life of Pope, has treated Mr. Addison's memory with great severity, as a "*party writer*." "His moderation in party," says this author, "appears to have been all affected, though he used to talk much of it, and often recommended it to Mr. Pope, adding, that he ought not to be contented with the applause of *half* a nation. He used to blame Steele greatly for being too much a party man; and yet when he found himself that he was likely to promote his interest by party attachments, he entered into them with a zeal which does his memory no credit: for this man of moderate principles became the champion of a faction, and did not scruple to pen the Freeholder."

"The folly of this charge," observes a respectable writer upon this passage, "would only excite contempt, if the malignity of it

did not demand indignation. Mr. Addison was, from principle, always attached to the free constitution of his country, as settled by the revolution, and secured by the Hanover succession. When he took up his pen in this cause, he appears to have written from the heart, and not from a view to personal interest. At the time in which he began the Freeholder, there was a rebellion in the nation that threatened the destruction of the government, and with it the destruction of our civil and religious liberties. By exerting himself therefore in their defence, he shewed himself not to be the champion of a party, but the champion of the public. He supported that system by which the English possess their most valuable rights, and by which the present king holds his crown."

LXV. ADDISON, POPE.

Every friend to the name of Addison must rejoice in the developement of any circumstances that can throw favourable light on

the unhappy difference betwixt him and Mr. Pope, in which the latter thought fit to treat him with such unjust severity in the celebrated character of Atticus.

The whole of this affair, almost the only one that could ever cast the least stain upon the reputation of Addison, is most satisfactorily explained in the following curious paper, which was drawn up by the late Sir William Blackstone.

" The quarrel between Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, like others of the same kind, would deservedly have fallen into oblivion, had it not been perpetrated by Mr. Pope's satiric muse. And the true grounds will probably never be cleared up to the entire satisfaction of the inquisitive public, as one of the parties had been dead many years before any of the particulars were divulged, and those which are now given us come only from Mr. Pope himself. For neither the bishop of Gloucester himself, nor the digester of his materials, Mr. Ruffhead, could have any personal knowledge of the circumstances of that transaction.

" The first notice we find of it in print, is in that bitter, but elegant, character of Atticus, which was written (we are told) in Mr. Addison's life-time, and sent privately to him in manuscript in the year 1715; but was certainly not made public till two years after his death, was afterwards printed in Mr. Pope's Miscellanies, and finally ingrafted into his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot in 1733. The cause is obscurely glanced at in letters published by Mr. Pope in his correspondence; was more openly avowed in Mr. Warburton's notes on the Epistle to Arbuthnot, verse 193, which were published in 1752; and the whole was drawn up into a regular charge by Mr. Ruffhead in his Life of Mr. Pope, printed in 1769.

" The account given is shortly this: ' that Mr. Addison's and Mr. Pope's friendship commenced in 1713, and continued for some time with reciprocal esteem and affection; that during this period the translation of the Iliad was set on foot, and the subscription promoted by Mr. Addison; and, on the other hand, Mr. Pope defended his friend against

the brutal attack of Dennis. At length, Addison became jealous of Pope's genius, and encouraged Philips to asperse his character with respect to his political connections; and *soon after* his jealousy discovered itself by a very peculiar circumstance. For, upon Pope's advising with Mr. Addison about altering the Rape of the Lock, by inserting the machinery, he dissuaded him from so noble an improvement. That this circumstance first opened Mr. Pope's eyes with regard to the real character of his friend; and his suspicions were *soon after* confirmed by the publication of Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of Homer, in opposition to Mr. Pope's, which he was fully convinced, from many odd concurring circumstances, was indeed Mr. Addison's own performance. That *this* occasioned an open breach between Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, which Mr. Jervas and other common friends endeavoured to reconcile; but that Mr. Addison's unbecoming behaviour and cool contempt at an interview between them, attended by Sir Richard Steele and Mr Gay,

rendered a reconciliation impracticable. That Mr. Pope, while yet warm with this provocation, wrote the character above mentioned of Mr. Addison. That, *about this time*, the earl of Warwick, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, told Mr. Pope that it was in vain to think of being well with his father, who was naturally a jealous man, and was hurt by Mr. Pope's superior talents in poetry to such a degree, that he had secretly encouraged Gildon to write something about Wycherley, in which he had taken occasion to abuse Mr. Pope and his family in a virulent manner, and that Mr. Addison paid him ten guineas as the wages of his scurrility. That the next morning after he had received this information, he wrote Mr. Addison an expostulatory letter, in which he enclosed the verses containing his character; which had so good an effect upon him, that from that period to the time of his death he always treated Mr. Pope with civility, and (as he believed) with justice.'

" If this account, and especially the latter part of it, be founded in truth, Mr. Addison

very justly deserved that severity with which his memory has been treated by Mr. Pope, and his professed panegyrists. But in justice to a character so amiable as that of Mr. Addison, now unable to vindicate himself, we may be allowed to suspend our belief of it till the accusation is better proved; especially as it is evident from dates and facts, chiefly extant in Mr. Pope's own works (but which his biographer has strangely misplaced and confounded), that the account given by Mr. Ruffhead cannot possibly be altogether true, and is hardly accurate in a single particular.

"It may be doubted whether the acquaintance between Addison and Pope did not commence as early as 1712. For Steele promised to bring them acquainted in February 1711-12. And we find Mr. Addison in October 1712, warmly recommending Mr. Pope to the world as a rising genius; and in the succeeding month advising his publication of the Temple of Fame. This acquaintance was probably improved into friendship by Mr. Pope's writing the prologue to Cato, in

April 1713. And as in the same year, 1713, the improved edition of the Rape of the Lock was published, Mr. Addison's supposed advice, discouraging the proposed alterations, must therefore have been given in the very infancy, and not at the close, of their friendship. If he gave such advice, it was probably his real opinion. He might think it dangerous to tamper with so beautiful a poem as the original; and had perhaps no conception of the art and ingenuity with which Mr. Pope was able to interweave the machinery without breaking the unity of design. It is not suggested that Mr. Addison disliked the improvement when made, or dissuaded him from publishing the poem in such its improved state, which might have been a reasonable ground of suspicion. But so trifling a circumstance as the difference of opinion upon the propriety of the hint when first started, could never be of itself sufficient to open Mr. Pope's eyes, and mark Mr. Addison's character as a compound of meanness and jealousy.

"Indeed it is plain that Mr. Pope at the

time thought otherwise, or else was himself insincere. He drew his pen in defence of Cato 1713, by writing a Narration of John Dennis's Frenzy, contrary to the wish of Mr. Addison (who disapproved so illiberal an attack), and published it, though against his consent. And his letters to Mr. Addison in October, November, December, and January following (which must have been written after his eyes are thus said to have been opened), are full of the strongest expressions of friendship and confidence. He then entrusted to this man (whose jealousy he perceived had been raised by the very mention of the sylphs and the gnomes) his original design of translating and commenting upon Homer. Mr. Addison (who, it seems, did not think Achilles half so formidable as Ariel in the hands of his poetical rival) received this design with great warmth of encouragement, and he was the first whose advice determined Mr. Pope to undertake that task. He also pressed him to turn it to the best pecuniary advantage, and for that purpose to avoid engaging in any party dis-

putes; into which he feared he might be drawn by his intimacy with Dr. Swift, and the attentions paid him by many of the Tory ministry. The suspicions, if any, which Mr. Pope entertained of Mr. Addison's sincerity, from his advice about the Rape of the Lock, had surely by this time subsided; as indeed they might well do if nothing happened to *confirm* them till the publication of Mr. Tickell's Homer; which, instead of being *soon*, was not till about *two years* after.

"In the mean time a quarrel broke out between Mr. Pope and Ambrose Philips, which involved Mr. Addison in its consequences, and put a period to the cordiality of their friendship. Stung with the reputation which Philips had acquired as a writer of pastorals, Pope wrote an ironical paper in the Guardian, April 27, 1713, in ridicule of Philips. Mr. Addison immediately perceived the drift of it, and joined with Mr. Pope in the laugh; but Steele understood and published it as a serious panegyrick upon his friend. When the jest was discovered, Philips seems to have been outrageously angry, and to have

harboured a deep resentment. For, in the spring of 1714 he took occasion to abuse Mr. Pope at Button's coffee-house as a Tory and one united with Dr. Swift to write against the Whig interest, and undermine the reputation of himself, Steele, and Addison. Addison upon this came to Pope, and assured him of his disbelief of this idle story, and hoped their friendship would still continue. Yet he seems to have been somewhat staggered in respect to Mr. Pope's party attachments, against which he had cautioned him more than once in the preceding year; and a coolness certainly ensued, which continued for several months. During this estrangement the interview mentioned by Mr. Ruffhead is more likely to have happened than at the period in which he places it, the latter end of the year 1715, when in reality there was no rupture between them. Mr. Pope, it is confessed by his biographer, conducted himself at this interview with great impetuosity and warmth; and Mr. Addison, who was of a colder constitution, and much Mr. Pope's superior

both in age and station, might possibly behave with too much hauteur and reserve. But that he harboured no malice against him appears from his subsequent conduct.

"For the sudden revolution in politics that happened at the death of queen Anne, and brought Mr. Addison and his friends into power and office, most certainly gave him an opportunity of mortifying, if not crushing, his competitor, in case he had been mean enough to wish it. On the contrary, from that instant, he was inclined to forget all animosities, and offered his services, nay, his interest at court, to Mr. Pope, to which he returned a very waspish and disdainful answer; but however, in a few weeks afterwards, Pope softened his tone, and wrote a more complaisant letter to Mr. Addison himself, yet mixed with some distrust and resentment. Civilities, upon this, were again renewed between them; insomuch that in April, 1715, we find Mr. Pope going to Mr. Jervas's on purpose to meet Mr. Addison; and in the same year he wrote his panegy-

rical epistle in verse to be prefixed to Mr. Addison's Dialogues on Medals.

" At length, the great and inexpiable offence was given by Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope, by permitting Mr. Tickell, his dependant and afterwards his under-secretary, to publish a translation of the first book of the Iliad in the beginning of June, 1715, just at the time when the first volume of Mr. Pope's work was delivered to the subscribers. Whether this book was translated by Mr. Addison himself in his younger days, or whether he only revised and corrected Mr. Tickell's performance, cannot be pronounced with certainty; unless the public were in possession of those *odd concurring circumstances* which convinced Mr. Pope himself that it was Mr. Addison's own translation, although he certainly thought otherwise when he penned the character of Atticus. To apologise for its publication at so critical a juncture, the following advertisement was prefixed by Mr. Tickell, though that circumstance was industriously suppressed in all Mr. Pope's pub-

lications on the subject: 'I must inform the reader, that when I began this first book I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad; but I had the pleasure of being diverted from that design by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odyssey, wherein I have already made some progress.'

"Whether, on the supposition that the specimen was Mr. Addison's own (and it is not unworthy of him), he chose to indulge the vanity of an author, by shewing him how well he could have performed the whole; or whether (supposing it Mr. Tickell's, whom he loved and patronised with all the affection of a father), he really meant to have conferred on him a pecuniary obligation by promoting a subscription for his Odyssey, as he had before done for Mr. Pope's Iliad; it must be acknowledged that in either case the publication was indiscreet and ill-timed.

It is true that Mr. Pope's finances could not be materially affected had the public decided in favour of Tickell's translation; for his subscription was full, and his contract with Lintot was complete. But it certainly bore too much the appearance of rivalship and competition; and was, in either light, a weakness below Mr. Addison's station and character. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a man of so irritable a disposition as Mr. Pope is acknowledged to have been, was hurt beyond measure by this transaction: and it is probable that the character of Atticus was written in the heat of his resentment on this occasion; as he expressed the very same sentiments to Mr. Craggs in his letter of 15th of July, 1715. But it does not appear (as Mr. Ruffhead asserts) that there was any open breach between Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope upon *this* occasion; and Pope expressly tells Mr. Craggs there was none. Had any such happened, and had Mr. Addison then shewn the temper ascribed to him by Mr. Pope's biographer, he would hardly in the Free-

holder of May 7, 1716, have bestowed such encomiums on Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad.

" Upon the whole, however Mr. Pope may be excusable for penning such a character of his friend in the first transports of poetical indignation, it reflects no great honour on his feelings, to have kept it in petto for six years, till after the death of Mr. Addison, and then to permit its publication (whether by recital or copy makes no material difference); and at length, at the distance of eighteen years, hand it down to posterity engrafted into one of his capital productions. Nothing, surely, could justify so long and so deep a resentment; unless the story be true of the commerce between Addison and Gildon, which will require to be very fully proved before it can be believed of a gentleman who was so amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own case) had, two years before, expressly disapproved of a personal abuse upon Mr. Dennis. The person indeed from whom Mr. Pope is said to have received this anecdote about the

time of his writing the character (viz. about July, 1715), was no other than the Earl of Warwick, son-in-law to Mr. Addison himself. And the something about Wycherley (in which the story supposes Addison hired Gildon to abuse Pope and his family) is explained by a note in the Dunciad, I. 296, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's life. Now it appears, that in July, 1715, the earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in August, 1721) was only a boy of seventeen, and not likely to be intrusted with such a secret by a statesman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear that he was any way connected or acquainted*. For Mr. Addison was not married to his mother, the countess of Warwick, till the following year, 1716. Nor could Gildon have been employed in July, 1715, to write Mr. Wycherley's life, who lived till the December following. As

* This is not quite correct; for Addison was intimately connected with the young earl of Warwick some years before his marriage to the countess.

therefore so many inconsistencies are evident in the story itself, which never found its way into print till near sixty years after it is said to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to suppose that the whole of it was founded in some misapprehension in either Mr. Pope or the earl; and unless better proof can be given, we shall readily acquit Mr. Addison of this, the most odious, part of the charge."

LXVI. CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It is not generally known, that Mr. Addison borrowed several hints of this celebrated soliloquy, at the beginning of the fifth act, from May's Supplement to Lucan.

LXVII. OFFICES HELD BY MR. ADDISON.

In Queen Anne's reign he was commissioner of appeals, attended Lord Halifax to Hanover, was under-secretary to Sir Charles Hedges and the Earl of Sunderland, secretaries of state, and principal secretary to

the Marquis of Wharton when that nobleman was lord lieutenant of Ireland. After the accession of King George the First, Mr. Addison was successively appointed secretary to the Lords Justices, secretary to the Earl of Sunderland as lieutenant of Ireland, and one of the lords of trade; and, last of all, secretary of state.

LXVIII. DR. YOUNG.

The following anecdote rests on the authority of Dr. Young.—

When Addison was a student at Oxford, he sent up his tragedy of Cato to his friend Dryden, as a proper person to recommend it to the theatre if it deserved it; who returned it with great commendation, but with his opinion that on the stage it would not meet with its deserved success. But though the performance was denied the theatre, it brought its author to the public stage of life. For, persons in power enquiring soon after of the head of the college for a youth of parts, Addison was recommended, and readily received, by means of the

great reputation which Dryden had just then spread of him as above.

LXIX. CHARACTER OF ADDISON BY DR. YOUNG.

Addison has a more refined, decent, judicious, and extensive genius, than Pope or Swift. To distinguish this triumvirate from each other, and, like Newton, to discover the different colours in these genuine and meridian rays of literary light; Swift is a singular wit, Pope a correct poet, Addison a great author. Swift looked on wit as the *jus divinum* to dominion and sway in the world, and considered as usurpation all power that was lodged in persons of less sparkling understandings. This inclined him to tyranny in wit. Pope was somewhat of his opinion, but was for softening tyranny into a lawful monarchy; yet were there some acts of severity in his reign. Addison's crown was elective; he reigned by the public voice:

" ——————— volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo."
VIRG.

Addison wrote little in verse, much in sweet, elegant Virgilian prose; so we call it, since Longinus calls Herodotus most Homeric, and Thucydides is said to have formed his style on Pindar. Addison's compositions are built with the finest materials, in the taste of the ancients, and (to speak his own language) on truly classic ground; and, though they are the delight of the present age, yet I am persuaded that they will receive more justice from posterity. I never read him but I am struck with such a disheartening idea of perfection, that I drop my pen. And indeed, far superior writers should forget *his* compositions if they would be greatly pleased with *their own*.

And yet (perhaps you have not observed it), *what* is the common language of the world, and even of his admirers, concerning him? They call him an elegant writer. This elegance which shines on the surface

of his compositions seems to dazzle their understanding, and renders it a little blind to the depth of sentiment which lies beneath: thus (hard fate!) he loses reputation with them by doubling his title to it. On subjects the most interesting and important, no author of his age has written with greater, I had almost said with equal, weight; and they who commend him for his elegance, pay him such a sort of compliment as they would pay to Lucretia, if they should commend her only for her beauty.

LXX. MR. MELMOTH'S JUDGMENT OF THE WRITINGS OF ADDISON.

Mr. Melmoth, in his Fitzosborne's Letters, treating on metaphors, observes: "Were I to point out the beauty and efficacy of metaphorical language by particular instances, I should rather draw my examples from the moderns than the ancients; the latter being scarcely I think so exact and delicate in this article of composition as the former. The great improvements indeed in natural know-

ledge, which have been made in these latter ages, have opened a vein of metaphor entirely unknown to the ancients, and enriched the fancy of modern wits with a new stock of the most pleasing ideas—a circumstance which must give them a very considerable advantage over the Greeks and Romans. I am sure at least, of all the writings with which I have been conversant, the works of Mr. Addison will afford the most abundant supply of this kind, in all its variety and perfection. Truth and beauty of imagery is indeed his characteristical distinction, and the principal point of eminence which raises his style above that of every author in any language that has fallen within my notice. He is every-where highly figurative; yet at the same time he is the most easy and perspicuous writer I have ever perused. The reason is, his images are always taken from the most natural and familiar appearances, as they are chosen with the utmost delicacy and judgment. Suffer me only to mention one out of a thousand I could name, as it appears to me the finest and most expressive

that ever language conveyed. It is in one of his inimitable papers upon Paradise Lost, where he is taking notice of those changes in nature which the author of that truly divine poem describes as immediately succeeding the Fall. Among other prodigies, Milton represents the sun in an eclipse; and at the same time a bright cloud in the western regions of the heavens, descending with a band of angels. Mr. Addison, in order to shew his author's art and judgment in the conduct and disposition of this sublime scenery, observes, 'The whole theatre of Nature is *darkened*, that this glorious machine may appear in all its magnificence and lustre.' I know not, Orontes, whether you will agree in sentiment with me; but I must confess I am at a loss which to admire most on this occasion, the poet or the critic."

The same ingenious and polite author, in a letter upon *grace* in writing, concludes in the following terms: "I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be considered as the first of our prose authors who introduced a graceful *manner* into our language;

at least, that quality does not seem to have appeared early, or spread far, amongst us. But wheresoever we may look for its origin, it is certain to be found in its highest perfection in the essays of a gentleman whose writings will be distinguished so long as politeness and good sense have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully esteemed the criterion of fine composition, and which every reader, he says, imagines so easy to be imitated yet will find it so difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteristic of all that excellent author's most elegant performances. In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes: that the *Graces* having searched all the world for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr. Addison."

LXXI. CHARACTER OF MR. ADDISON'S HUMOUROUS PIECES.

Dr. Kippis summarily describes the character of Mr. Addison's humourous produc-

tions in these words. There are none of his works in which his merit, as a graceful writer, more distinguishingly appears, than in his humourous pieces. His humour is so natural, so easy, so unaffected, that we never grow weary of it; and we shall find upon a diligent examination of the papers of this kind, that it is prodigiously various and extensive. He scarcely ever descends to personal satire; and his ridicule of certain characters in life, while it is remarkably striking, is so gentle, that persons who answer to the characters must read him with pleasure. A wit, which was so copious and inexhaustible, without trespassing against good nature, or offending against decency, is entitled to the highest admiration and applause.

LXXII. REPUBLIC OF ST. MARINO.

Mr. Addison's account of this republic has been often and deservedly admired.

"At twelve miles distant from Rimini," says he, "stands the little republic of St. Marino, which I could not forbear visiting;

though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of nobody else that has done it. One may at least have the pleasure of seeing in it something more regular than can be found in great governments; and from it an idea of Venice in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions; or of Rome itself, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

"The town and republic of St. Marino stands on the top of a high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the

Appenines. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage, that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons; for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the summer time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

"This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call, three castles, three convents, and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants, as well as the historians who mention this little republic, give the following account of its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed about thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and, after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain as finding it very proper for the life of a hermit, which he led

in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the princess of the country made him a present of the mountain to dispose of at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name; so that the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome; the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hand, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the commonwealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their state, and look on him as the greatest saint next the blessed Virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are

to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

" This petty republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the pope against a lord of Rimini. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where it is very remarkable, that the name of the commonwealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years distance from each other. Nor can it be any question in the date, because the pope's and emperor's names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About two hundred and ninety years after this they assisted pope Pius the Second against one of the Malatesta's, who was then lord of Ri-

mini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half-way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of the mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

"The sovereign power of the republic was lodged originally in what they call the arengo, a great council, in which every house had its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of statesman, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the council of sixty. The arengo however, is still called together in cases of extraordinary im-

portance; and if, after the summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statute says he shall pay sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ. In the ordinary course of government, the council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up, half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeians. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted till five-and-twenty years old, and choose the officers of the commonwealth.

"Thus far they agree with the great council of Venice, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two-thirds of this council. Besides that, no son can be admitted into it during the life of his father; nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two capitaneos, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been capitaneos

six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people, might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it; they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they choose for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a doctor of law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the capitaneos, and acts something like the recorder of London under the lord-mayor. The commonwealth of Genoa was forced to make use of a foreign judge for many years, whilst their republic was torn into the divisions of Guelphs and Gibelines. The fourth man in the state is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse to visit the sick, and to inspect all drugs that

are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty, that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person who makes no ordinary figure in the republic, is the schoolmaster. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in folio, entitled Statuta Illustrissimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini, printed at Rimini, by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an ambassador is dispatched from the republic to any foreign state, he shall be allowed out of the treasury to the value of a shilling a-day. The people are esteemed very honest, and rigourous

in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest vallies of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind have for liberty, and of their aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants."

LXXIII. ST. MARINO IN 1773.

The following narrative, though somewhat long, it is presumed will, by no one, be deemed tedious. It will be grateful to the pride of Britons to learn therefrom, that the name of Addison was pronounced with respect on the free mountain of St. Marino nearly a century after he had been on the spot; and that the inhabitants of this little republic remembered with exultation the visit paid to them by this illustrious stranger.

The account is from the manuscript tra-

vels of the learned historian of ancient Greece; transcribed by Mr. Seward.

"At the distance of twelve miles from Rimini and the Adriatic Sea, we beheld a cloud-capt mountain, steep, rugged, and inhospitable; yet to Britons, whose affection for their own happy island cherished even the faintest image of congenial liberty, more attractive and more engaging than all the gay luxuriance of Tuscan plains. A black expansion of vapour partly concealed from our view the territory of what the Greeks would have called a nation, seldom visited by strangers, though assuredly most deserving of that honour. Liberty brightens and fertilises the craggy rocks of St. Marino; and, instead of paradises inhabited by devils (for thus the recollection or supposition of better times indignantly characterises the countries through which we had just travelled), this little state, we were told, would exhibit rugged hills and savage precipices, cultivated and adorned by the stubborn industry of freemen, who labour with alacrity because they reap with security. We panted at the thoughts of taking a nearer survey

of this political wonder, and were impatient to leave Rimini; but the country adjacent to that city was deluged with rain; the rivers continued to overflow; horses could not safely clamber over rocks; and Rimini could not furnish us with mules. But they are delicate travellers whom such puny difficulties could restrain from visiting this illustrious mountain, where Liberty, herself a mountain goddess, has upwards of fourteen centuries fixed her rural throne. Careless of mules, or horses, or carriages, to which last the republic of St. Marino is at all times inaccessible, we adopted a mode of travelling which, in a country where pomp is immoderately studied because wealth is too indiscriminately prized, might possibly have excluded unknown wanderers from the proud mansions of nobles and princes, the palaces of bishops, and the vincas of cardinals; but which, we rightly conjectured, would recommend us as guests to the citizens of St. Marino, whose own manliness of character must approve the congenial hardihood of humble pedestrians.

"The distance from Rimini to the Borgo,

or suburbs of St. Marino (for the Città, or city, stands half a mile higher on the hill) is computed at only ten Italian miles; but the badness of the weather and of the roads would have increased the tediousness of our fatiguing journey, had not our fancies been amused by the appearances and conversation of several persons whom we occasionally met or overtook; and who, notwithstanding that hardness of features which characterises mountaineers, displayed in their words and looks a certain candour and sincerity, with an undescribed mixture of humanity and firmness, which we had rarely seen pourtrayed in the face of an Italian. Such virtues, perhaps, many Italians may possess; such virtues Raphael and Guido probably discerned in their contemporaries; unless it be supposed that the *antique* not only ennobled and exalted, but originally inspired, their conceptions. Yet, whatever might be the pre-eminence of Roman beauty during the splendour of the *cinque cento*, it must be confessed of the Italians of our days, that the expression indicating virtues of the mild or

generous cast seldom breaks through the dark gloom and sullen cares which contract their brows and cloud their countenances.

" At the distance of five miles from Rimini, a small rivulet, decorated by a disproportionably large stone bridge, that, at another season of the year, would have exemplified the Spanish proverb of a bridge without water, separates the territories of St. Marino from those of the pope. Proceeding forward, we found the road extremely narrow, much worn by the rain, alternately rough and slippery, and always so bad, that we congratulated each other on rejecting the use of the miserable rips that were offered to us at Rimini. In the midst of a heavy shower we clambered to the Borgo, situated on the side of the hill, and distant, as already said, half a mile from the Città on its summit. The former is destined for the habitation of peasants, artisans, and strangers; the honour of inhabiting the latter is reserved for the nobles, the citizens, and those who, in the language of antiquity, would be styled the public guests of the common-

wealth. In the whole territory there is but one inn, and that of course in the Borgo; for lone houses are rare in all parts of the continent; the British dominions alone, by their native strength and the excellence of their government, being happily exempted from the terror of banditti in time of peace, and marauders in time of war. We discovered the inn at St. Marino, as is usual in Italy, by the crowd before the door. Having entered, we were civilly received by the landlord, seated by the fire-side in company with several other strangers, and speedily presented with a bottle of sparkling white wine, the best we had tasted in Italy, and resembling Champagne in the characteristic excellencies of that sprightly liquor.

"We had not remained long in this caravansera (for such is the proper name for the place of hospitality in which we were received), when the dress, manners, and conversation, of our fellow-travellers, strongly excited our attention, and afforded scope for boundless speculation. They were the most savage-looking men I had ever beheld, co-

vered with thick capottas *, of coarse, dark brown woollen, lined with black sheep's skin. Their hats, which they kept on their heads, were of an enormous size, swelling in the circumference to an ordinary umbrella. With their dress and appearance, their words and gestures bore too faithful a correspondence. Schioppi and coltillate (gun-shots and dagger-thrusts) were frequently in their mouths. As the wine went briskly round, the conversation became still more animated, and took a turn more decidedly terrible. They now talked of nothing but fierce encounters, hair-breadth escapes, and hideous lurking-places. From their whole behaviour there was reason to apprehend, that we had unwarily fallen in with Rinaldo's party ; but a few hints that dropped from him who was most intoxicated, finally undeceived us, and discovered, to our satisfaction and shame, that, instead of a band of robbers, we had only met with a party of smugglers. Their massy capottas, and broad-brimmed hats,

* Great coats.

formed their defensive armour against custom-house officers and shirri, and the narratives which they heard, or related with such ardour and delight, contained the acts of prowess by which they had repelled the bravery of the Romans, and the arts of stratagem by which they had deceived the cunning of those who execute the orders of the civil magistrate, the Tuscans. From the intermediate situation of St. Marino, between the dominions of Tuscany and those of the pope, its territory is continually infested by visits from those unlicensed traffickers, who, being enemies by trade to those who administer the laws and collect the revenues of their country, naturally degenerate into daring and disorderly ruffians, the terror of peaceful men, and both the disgrace and bane of civilised society.

"From the company of the smugglers we longed to separate, the more because they eagerly solicited our stay, promising to conduct us safely across the mountains, and to defend our persons and property against robbers and assassins; but we thought it a

piece of good fortune, that our most valuable property, as we shewed to them, consisted in our swords and pistols. Having called our St. Marino host, we paid him for his wine and his sausage (prosciutte), and were pleased to find that, contrary to our universal experience of Italian landlords, he was uncommonly thankful for a very moderate gratification; a singularity which, though it probably proceeded from his being little conversant with English and other opulent travellers, we treasured with delight, as a conspicuous proof of republican virtue, that had escaped pure and unsullied from the contagion of those worthless guests, with whom the nature of his trade condemned him often to associate.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon, we left the Borgo to climb up the Città, carrying our swords in our right hands; a precaution which the company we had just left warranted in this modern republic, but which, as Thucydides informs us in his poem, would have exposed us to be branded with the appellation of barbarians in the re-

publicks of ancient Greece. Before we had reached the summit of the hill, the cloud had dispersed, the sun shone bright, we breathed a purer air, and the clear light which displayed the city and territory of St. Marino, was heightened by contrast with the thick gloom which involved the circumjacent plains. Transported with the contemplation of a landscape which seemed so admirably to accord with the political state of the mountain, a bright gem of liberty amidst the darkness of Italian servitude, we clambered cheerfully over the precipices, never reflecting, that as there was not any place of reception for strangers in the Città, we might possibly be exposed to the alternative of sleeping in the streets, or returning to the caravansera, crowded with smugglers, whose intoxication might exasperate their natural ferocity.

"From all our past remarks, we had concluded that the vice of drunkenness was abominated even by the lowest class of Italians. We dreaded their fury and their knives in this unusual state of mind; but

amidst all our terrors, could not forbear philosophising on what we had seen, and conjecturing, from the tumultuous merriment and druken debauchery of the smugglers, that the sound sobriety of the Italian nation is an artificial virtue arising from situation and accident, not depending on temperament, or resulting from character. Drinking is the vice of men whose lives are chequered by vicissitudes of toil and ease, of danger and security. It is the vice of soldiers, mariners, and huntsmen; of those who exercise boisterous occupations, or pursue dangerous amusements; and, if the modern Italians are less addicted to excess in wine than the Greeks and Romans in ancient, or the English and Germans in modern, times, their temperance may fairly be ascribed to the indolent monotony of their listless lives, which, being never exhausted by fatigue, can never be gladdened by repose, and, being never agitated by the terrors of danger, can never be transported by the joys of deliverance.

"From these airy speculations, by which we fancied that we stripped Italy of what

some travellers have too hastily concluded to be the only virtue which she has left, we were awakened by the appearance of a venerable person, in a bag-wig and sword, cautiously leading his bourrique * down the precipice. He returned our salute with an air of courtesy, bespeaking such affability, that we quickly entered into conversation with him, and discovered, to our surprise and joy, that we were in company with a very respectable personage, and one whom Mr. Addison has dignified with the appellation of the fourth man in the state. The stipendiary physician of St. Marino (for this was the person with whom we were conversing) told us that we might be accommodated with good lodging in the convent of Capuchins; and as we were strangers, that he would return and shew us the house, and present us to father Bonelli. We expressed our unwillingness to give him the trouble of again ascending the hill; but of this trouble the deeply-wrinkled mountaineer made light,

* Ass.

and we yielded to his proposal with only apparent reluctance; since, to the indelicacy of introducing ourselves, we preferred the introduction of a man whom we had even casually met with on the road. To the convent we were admitted by a frate servente, or lay-friar, and conducted to the padre maestro, the prior Bonelli, a man sixty years old, and, as we were told by the physician, descended from one of the noblest families in the commonwealth. Having received and returned such compliments as are held indispensible in this ceremonious country, the prior conducted us above stairs, and shewed us two clean and comfortable chambers, which, he said, we might command, while we deigned to honour the republic (such were his expressions) with the favour of our residence. As to our entertainment, he said we might, as best pleased us, either sup apart by ourselves, or in company with him and his monks. We told him our happiness would be complete were we permitted to enjoy the happiness of his company and conversation. 'My conversation! you shall

soon enjoy better than *mine*; since, within half an hour, I shall have the honour of conducting you to the house of a charming young lady (so I must call her though my own kinswoman), whose conversazione assembles this evening.' During this dialogue, a servant entered, bringing our portmanteau from Rimini, and thereby enabling us with more decency of appearance to pay our respects to the lady, in company with the prior her uncle. The Signora P——— received us politely in an inner apartment, after we had passed through two outer rooms, in each of which there was a servant in waiting. Above a dozen gentlemen, well dressed and polite after the fashion of Italy, with six other ladies, formed this agreeable party. Coffee and sorbettis being served, cards were introduced, and, in quality of strangers, we had the honour of losing a few sequins at ombre with the mistress of the house. The other ladies present took up, each of them, two gentlemen; for ombre is the universal game, because in Italian assemblies the number of men commonly triples

that of women: the latter, when unmarried, seldom going abroad; and when married, being ambitious of appearing to receive company every evening at home. During the intervals of play, we endeavoured to turn the conversation on the history and present state of St. Marino, but found the subject to be too grave for the company. In this little state, as well as in other parts of Italy, the social amusements of life, consisting chiefly in what are called conversazioni, have widely differed from the symposia of the Greeks, and the convivia of the Romans. Instead of philosophical dialogues and epideiktic orations, and instead of those animated rehearsals of approved works of history and poetry, which formed the entertainment and delight of antiquity, the modern Italian conversaziones exhibit a very different scene; a scene in which play is the business, gallantry the amusement, and of which avarice, vanity, and mere sensual pleasure, form the sole connecting principle and chief ultimate end. Such insipid and such mercenary assemblies are sometimes enlivened by the

jokes of the buffoon: the improvisatore sometimes displays in them the powers of his memory rather than the elegance of his fancy: and every entertainment in Italy, whether gay or serious, is always seasoned with music; but chiefly that soft voluptuous music which was banished by Lycurgus, proscribed by Plato, and prohibited by other legislators under severe penalties, as unfriendly to virtue, and destructive of manhood. The great amusements of life are commonly nothing more than images of its necessary occupations; and where the latter therefore are different, so also must be the former. Is it because the occupations of the ancients were less softened than those of the moderns, that women are found to have acted among different nations such different parts in society? and that the contrast is so striking between the wife of a citizen of St. Marino, surrounded with her card-tables, her music, and her admirers, and the Roman Lucretia, "nocte serâ deditam lanæ inter lucubrantes ancillas" (Tit. Liv. i. 57), or the more copious descriptions of female modesty and

industry given by Ischomachus in Xenophon's Treatise on Domestic Economy? In modern Italy this contrast of manners displays its greatest force. Though less beautiful and less accomplished than the English and French, the Italian women expect superior attention, and exact greater assiduities. To be well with the ladies, is the highest ambition of the men. Upon this principle their manners are formed; by this their behaviour is regulated; and the art of conversation, in its utmost sprightliness and highest perfection, is reduced to that playful wantonness, which, touching slightly on what is felt most sensibly, amuses with perpetual shadows of desired realities.

"To the honour of St. Marino it must be observed, that neither the prior Bonelli, nor the two confessors who were present, took any considerable part in this too sportive conversation: and the gentlemen at the Signora P———'s were chiefly Romans and Florentines, men, we were told, whom sometimes misfortune, and sometimes inclination, but more frequently extravagance and ne-

cessity, drive from their respective countries; and who, having relations or friends at St. Marino, establish themselves in that cheap city, where they subsist on the wreck of their fortunes, and elude the pursuit of their creditors.

" Next morning, Bonelli having invited several of his fellow-citizens to drink chocolate, we learned from them, that the morality and piety which had long distinguished St. Marino, daily suffered decline, through the contagious influence of those intruders, whom good policy ought never to have admitted within the territory, but whom the indulgence of humanity could not be prevailed upon to expel.

" After breakfast, our good-natured landlord kindly proposed a walk, that his English guests might view the city and adjacent country. The main street is well paved, but narrow and steep. The similarity of the houses indicates a happy mediocrity of fortune. There is a fine cistern of pure water; and we admired the coolness and dryness of the wine-cellars, ventilated by communica-

tions with caverns in the rock. To this circumstance, as much as to the quality of the soil and careful culture of the grape, the wine of St. Marino is indebted for its peculiar excellence.

" The whole territory of the republic extends about thirty miles in circumference. It is of an irregular, oval form, and its mean diameter may be estimated at six English miles. The soil naturally craggy and barren, and hardly fit for goats, yet actually maintains (such are the attractions of liberty) upwards of seven thousand persons; and being every-where adorned with mulberry-trees, vines, and olives, supplies the materials of an advantageous trade, particularly in silk, with Rome, Florence, and other cities of Italy.

" In extent of territory, St. Marino, inconsiderable as it seems, equals many republicks that have performed mighty achievements, and purchased immortal renown. The independent states of Thespia and Platæa were respectively less extensive; and the boundaries of the modern republic exceed

those of Ægina and Mægara; the former of which was distinguished by its commerce and its colonies in Egypt and the East; and the latter, as Lysias and Xenophon inform us, could bring into the field, besides proportional bodies of light troops, 3000 hardy pikemen, who with the service of Mars united that of Ceres and of Bacchus, extracting from bleak hills and rugged mountains rich harvests and teeming vintages.

"The remembrance of our beloved republics of Greece, ennobled by the inestimable gifts of unrivalled genius, endeared to us St. Marino even by its littleness. In this literary enthusiasm, we could willingly have travelled every inch of its diminutive territory; but politeness required that we should not subject Bonelli and his friends to such unnecessary fatigue; and the changeableness of the weather, a continued variation of sunshine and cloudiness, the solemnity of dark magnifying vapours, together with the velocity of drizzly or gleamy showers, produced such unusual accidents of light and shade in this mountainous scene, as often suspended the

motion of our limbs, and fixed our eyes in astonishment. From the highest top of St. Marino we beheld the bright summit of another and far loftier mountain, towering above and beyond a dark cloud, which by contrast threw the conical top of the hill to such a distance, that it seemed to rise from another world. The height of St. Marino (we were told) had been accurately measured by father Boscovich, and found to be nearly half a mile above the level of the neighbouring sea.

"Almost immediately after returning from our walk, dinner was served at the convent; for the politeness of father Bonelli had prolonged his stay abroad far beyond his usual hour of repast. Speedily after dinner, we were conducted by the good father to the conversazione of another lady, also his relation, where we had the honour of meeting the capitaneos, or consuls, the commissareo, or chief judge, and several distinguished members of the senate. Recommended only by our youth and curiosity, we spent the evening most agreeably with those respect-

able magistrates, who were as communicative in answering, as we were inquisitive in asking, questions. The company continually increasing, and father Bonelli carefully addressing all new comers by the titles of their respective offices, we were surprised towards the close of the evening, and the usual hour of retirement, that we had not yet seen il Signor Dottori and il Paudagogo Publico, the physician and schoolmaster, whom Mr. Addison represents as two of the most distinguished dignitaries in the commonwealth. A short acquaintance is sufficient to inspire confidence between congenial minds. We frankly testified our surprise to the father. He laughed heartily at our simplicity, and thought the joke too good not to be communicated to the company. When their vociferous mirth had subsided, an old gentleman, who had been repeatedly invested with the highest honours of his country, observed that he well knew Mr. Addison's account of St. Marino, which had been translated more than once into the French and Italian languages. Remote and inconsiderable as they

were, his ancestors were highly honoured by the notice of this illustrious traveller, who, he understood, was not only a classic author in English, but an author who had uniformly and most successfully employed his pen in the service of virtue and liberty. Yet, as most often happens to travellers, Mr. Addison, he continued, has, in speaking of this little republic, been somewhat deceived by first appearances. Neither our schoolmaster nor physician enjoy any pre-eminence in the state. They are maintained indeed by public salaries, as in several other cities of Italy; and there is nothing peculiar in their condition here, except that the schoolmaster has more, and the physician less to do, than in most other places; because our diseases are few, and our children are many. This sally having been received with approbation by the company, the veteran proceeded to explain the real distinction of ranks in St. Marino, consisting in the nobili, cittadini, and stipendiate: nobles, citizens, and stipendiaries. The nobles, he told us, exceeded not twenty families; of which several enjoyed

estates without the territory, with from three to eight hundred pounds a-year sterling. That, from respect to the Holy See, under whose protection the republic had long subsisted quietly and happily, many persons of distinction in the pope's territories had been admitted cittadini honorati, honorary citizens of St. Marino; particularly several illustrious houses of Rimini, and the forty noble families of Bologna. Even of the Venetian nobles themselves, ancient as they certainly were, and invested, as they still continue to be, with the whole sovereignty of their country, many disdained not to be associated to the diminutive honours of St. Marino, and to increase the number of its citizens; and that this aggregation of illustrious foreigners, far from being considered as dangerous to public liberty, was deemed essential, in so small a commonwealth, to national safety.

"Lest the conversation might take another turn, I drew from my pocket Mr. Addison's account of St. Marino, which, being exceedingly short, I begged leave to read, that his

errors, if he has committed any, might be corrected, and the alterations noted which the country had undergone in the space of seventy years; from 1703 * to 1773.

" The proposal being obligingly accepted, I read in Mr. Addison, ' They have at St. Marino five churches, and reckon above five thousand souls in their community.' Instead of which I was desired to say; ' They have in St. Marino ten parishes, ten churches, and reckon above seven thousand souls in their community.' Again, Mr. Addison says, ' The council of sixty, notwithstanding its name, consists but of forty persons.' That was the case when this illustrious author visited the republic; but the council has, since that time, been augmented by twenty members, and the number now agrees with the name. These circumstances are important; for, from them it appears that, while the neighbouring territory of Rome is impoverished and gloomed by the dominion of ecclesiastics, of which, in the words of Dr.

* Query—Is not this date erroneous?

Robertson, 'to squeeze and to amass, not to meliorate, is the object;' and while the neighbouring cities of Tuscany are accused of shamefully abandoning their privileges and their wealth to the Grand Duke, who, parsimonious in the extreme as to his own person and government, is thought solicitous of seconding by his heavy purse the wild projects of his brother the emperor Joseph; the little republic of St. Marino, on the contrary, has been increasing in populousness, confirming its strength, and extending the basis of its government. For these advantages it is indebted to its mountainous situation, virtuous manners, and total want of ambition: which last-mentioned qualities, as ancient history teaches us, are far from being characteristic of republican government; though a republic that is without them can neither subsist happily itself, nor allow happiness to its neighbours.

"In the republics of Italy (St. Marino alone excepted) the people at large are excluded, by the circumstance of their birth, from any principal share in the sovereignty.

Instead of one royal master, they are subjects of six hundred petty princes: and their condition is far less eligible than that of the subjects of monarchies; because the latter cannot be collectively degraded by the rank of a monarch, which, excluding comparison, is superior to envy; and are individually entitled to aspire, by their talents and merits, to the exercise of every magistracy, and to the enjoyment of every preferment, and every honour, which their king and country can bestow. The republic of St. Marino, on the other hand, like several commonwealths of antiquity, and like some lesser cantons of Switzerland—for the greater are universally moulded after the rigid Italian model—contains what is found by experience to be a due mixture of popular government among so simple a people, and in so small a state. The council of sixty is equally composed of nobili and cittadini, patricians and plebeians. This council, which may be called the senate, conducts the ordinary branches of public administration; but the arengo, or assembly of the people, contain-

ing a representative from every house or family, is summoned for the purpose of elections, and on other important emergencies; it has always approved the decisions of the senate. In choosing senators and magistrates, the respect of the citizens for hereditary worth commonly raises the son to the dignity before held by his father. Indeed, most professions and employments descend in lineal succession among this simple people; a circumstance which explains a very extraordinary fact mentioned by Mr. Addison, that in two purchases made respectively in the years 1100 and 1170, the names of the commissioners or agents on the part of the republic should be the same in both transactions, though the deeds were executed at the distance of seventy years from each other.

"Notwithstanding the natural and proper influence of wealth, and birth, and merit, the liberties and properties of individuals are incomparably more safe in St. Marino, than they can ever possibly be under the capricious tyranny of a levelling democracy: and

the people at large have the firmest security, that their superiors will not abuse their just pre-eminence; since all the plebeians of full age are trained to arms, and commanded by a sort of military tribune of their own choosing, whose employment is inferior in dignity to that of the capitaneos, or consuls, yet altogether distinct from the jurisdiction of those patrician magistrates. This important military officer is overlooked by Mr. Addison, who has also omitted to mention the treasurer of the republic. The business of the latter consists in collecting and administering the public contributions; and in paying the stipendiati or pensionaries, whose salaries, as may be imagined, are extremely moderate, that of the commissario or chief judge amounting only to sixty pounds a-year. His income is considerably augmented by the litigant parties, so that his whole appointments fall little short of one hundred pounds per annum; a sum which in this primitive commonwealth is found sufficient to support the dignity of a chief justice.

"The laws of St. Marino are contained

in a thin folio, printed at Rimini, entitled 'Statuta Illustrissimæ Reipublicæ:' and the whole history of this happy and truly illustrious, because virtuous and peaceable, community, is comprised in the account of a war in which the commonwealth assisted pope Pius II. against Malatesta, prince of Rimini; in the records of the purchase of two castles, with their dependent districts, in the years 1100 and 1170; and in the well-authenticated narrative of the foundation of the state above fourteen hundred years ago by St. Marino, a Dalmatian architect, who, having finished with much honour the repairs of Rimini, repaired to this solitary mountain, practised the austerities of a hermit, wrought miracles, and, with the assistance of a few admirers, built a church and founded a city, which his reputation for sanctity speedily reared, extended, and filled with inhabitants. In the principal church, which, as well as that of the Franciscans, contains some good pictures, the statue of this saint and lawgiver is erected near the high altar. He holds a mountain in his hand, and is crown-

ed with three castles; emblems which, from what has been above said, appear fitly chosen for the arms of the republic.

" Mr. Addison observes, that the origin of St. Marino must be acknowledged to be far nobler than that of Rome, which was an asylum for robbers and murderers, whereas St. Marino was the resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. This observation appears to me to be erroneous in two respects: decorating with unfair honours the one republic, and heaping unmerited disgrace on the other. If piety founded St. Marino, with this piety much superstition was intermixed: a superstition unfriendly to the best principles of society, and hostile to the favourite ends of nature; preaching celibacy and exacting mortification; the hideous offspring of ignorance and terror, detesting men as criminals, and trembling at God as a tyrant *.

" But Rome, according to the only his-

* Surely this is rather a lame objection to the remark of Mr. Addison.

torian * who has circumstantially and authentically described its early transactions, was an expansion of Alba Longa; itself a Grecian colony; which, according to the immemorial and sacred custom of its mother-country, diffused into new settlements the exuberance of a flourishing population, produced by the wisest and most liberal institutions. According to the same admirable historian, the manly discernment of Romulus afforded an asylum not merely for robbers and murderers, but for those who were threatened with murder or robbery, who spurned subjection or fled from oppression: for, amidst the lawless turbulence of ancient Italy, the weak needed protection against the strong, the few against the many; and Rome, at her earliest age, already systematically assisted the weakest party, thus adopting in her infancy that politic heroism that was destined by firm and majestic steps to conduct her manhood and maturity to the fair sovereignty of consenting nations.

---

* Dion. of Halicar.

" Both in their origin and in their progress, Rome and St. Marino form the natural objects, not indeed of comparison, but of a striking contrast; and, compressed as is the latter republic, between the dominions of the pope and those of the Grand Duke, to whose subjects St. Marino is bound to allow a free passage through its territory, its citizens would deserve ridicule or pity, did they affect the character, or imitate the maxims, of those magnanimous senators, who, for the space of more than two centuries, swayed the politics and controuled the revolutions of the world. Convinced that their independence results from their insignificancy, the senators of St. Marino smiled when we read in Mr. Addison, 'These republicans would sell their liberties dear to any that attacked them.' We had not the indelicacy to desire them to interpret this smile, or to make ourselves any comment upon it: being persuaded that, precarious and shadowy as their liberty is, their rational knowledge and their virtues have enabled them to extract from it both substantial and

permanent enjoyment; and make them live happier here, amidst rocks and snows, than are their Tuscan and Roman neighbours, in rich plains and warm valleys.

" To the inhabitants of this little state, the arengo, the council, the different offices of magistracy, innocent rural labours, and military exercises equally useful and innocent, supply a continual succession of manly engagements. Hopes and fears respecting the safety of their country awaken curiosity and excite enquiry.

" They read the gazettes of Europe with interest; they study history with improvement; in conversation their questions are pertinent, and their answers satisfactory. Contrary to what has been observed by travellers, of other Italians, the citizens of St. Marino delight in literary conversation; and Mr. Addison remarks, that 'he hardly met with an unlettered man in their republic.' In speaking of Beccaria's book on Style, then recently published, one of the senators said, that it was a treatise on style, in a very bad style, abounding in false ornaments and epi-

grammatic gallicisms. Another observed, he wished that fashionable writer, who had been commented on by Voltaire, an author still more fashionable and more pernicious than himself, would confine himself to such harmless topics as rhetoric and style: for his book on Crimes and Punishments was calculated to do much serious mischief, at least to prevent much positive good; because, in that popular work, he had declaimed most persuasively against capital punishments, in a country long disgraced by capital crimes, which were scarcely ever capitally punished.

"The love of letters which distinguishes the people of St. Marino, makes them regret that they are seldom visited by literary travellers. Of our own countrymen belonging to this description, they mentioned with much respect Mr. Addison and Il Signor Giovanni Symonds, now professor of history in the University of Cambridge. We were proud of being classed with such men, by the honest simplicity of these virtuous mountaineers, whom we left with regret, most heartily wishing to them the continuance of

their liberties, which to men of their character, and theirs only, are real and solid blessings. For let it never be forgotten, that the inestimable gift of civil liberty may often be providentially withheld; because it cannot be safely bestowed unless rational knowledge has been acquired.

" In the language of the wisest man of Pagan antiquity *, ' a great length of time is requisite to the formation of any moderately good government, because that government is always the best which is the best adapted to the genius and habits of its subjects.' The institutions which suit the well-balanced frame of mind of the mountaineers of St. Marino, who, breathing a purer air, seem to have divested themselves of many of the grosser and more earthy affections, might ill accord with the softened tenants of the Capuan plains; since, according to the same penetrating searcher into the secrets of human nature, ' the inhabitants of the fortunate islands, *if such islands really*

* Aristotle.

exist, must either be the most virtuous or the most wretched of men.' Aristotle hardly knew the inhabitants of the British Isles; but let us, who know ourselves and our good fortune, confide in the assurance, that this incomparable author would no longer entertain the above geographical doubts, were he to revive in the eighteenth century, and to visit the British dominions under the government of George III. As we have long been the happiest of nations, let us cherish the hope, that the causes of our happiness are, morally speaking, unalterable. The character of our ancestors, uniting, beyond all people on earth, firmness with humanity, gave to us our government; and the preservation of this government as it now stands, under a prince who is at once the patron and the model of those virtues on which alone national prosperity can rest, forms the surest pledge for the stability of that character, which has long adorned, and we trust will ever adorn, the envied name of Briton "

LXXIV. PHRASEOLOGY OF ADDISON.

Addison is with justice esteemed the best model for the easy correct style of prose composition. He is, however, the last of the classical English authors who has made use of *one*, *a man*, as pronouns; as in these phrases, *one sees*, *a man observes*, the latter entirely obsolete, and the former nearly so. This phraseology prevails generally throughout his prose works. For example; in his Travels he says, "If *a man considers* the face of Italy in general, *one would* think that Nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as *one finds* in it."

There is a celebrated female writer, who has frequently used this obsolete pronoun *one;* and probably with this ingenious lady the phrase will die, and she be the last found making use of it. In the very entertaining volumes of her Travels, she says, "The contradictions *one meets* with every moment at Paris, must strike even a cursory observer: a countess in a morning, her hair dressed,

with diamonds too perhaps, a dirty black handkerchief about her neck, and a flat silver ring on her finger like our alewives. A *femme publique*, dressed avowedly for the purpose of alluring the men, with not a very small crucifix hanging at her bosom." In another place, " I will tell nothing I did not see; and among the objects *one would* certainly avoid seeing if it were possible, is the deformity of the poor." Again, " *one has* heard of a horse being exhibited for a shew at Venice; and yesterday I watched the poor people paying a penny a-piece for the sight of a stuffed one."

This pronoun *one* is borrowed by the English language from the modern French; and *a man*, from the *Romaunt* or ancient language of France. The French say at this day, *on dit*, one says; or, as it is now commonly rendered in English, it is said. This modern French *on* is, however, no other than the corruption of the *Romanz*, *hom dict* (quasi homo dicit), a man says; and it was undoubtedly introduced into the English language by the Normans, and is yet prevail-

ing in some of the provincial dialects of this country.

LXXV. THE CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Addison, in his description of the battle of Schellenburg, and in the height of that action, addresses himself to the hero of his poem of the Campaign, the Duke of Marlborough, and nobly upbraids him with being too rash, and not taking sufficient care of that life on which so much depended.

> Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
> To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
> Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
> Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
> Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
> This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate;
> Thou liv'st not for thyself———

It is probable that Mr. Addison, when he wrote these lines, had Lucan in his eye; who, in his description of the battle of Pharsalia, calls out to Brutus not to rush upon the swords of his enemies, but to preserve his life for the good of his country.

LXXVI. LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Of Lord Bolingbroke Mr. Addison said to a friend for whom he had no secrets, That he was heartily sorry his principles forced him to oppose one of the greatest and most accomplished men he had ever seen; and in whose conversation he could have thought himself so truly happy.

LXXVII. MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Among the brightest of the moderns, Mr. Addison must take his place. He had what Dryden and Ben Jonson wanted for the composition of tragedy, a warm and feeling heart; but concealed it through a philosophic reserve and moral prudery. At his celebrated Cato few tears are shed, except by the noble few who love their country better than themselves; the bulk of mankind want virtue enough to be touched. His strength of genius has reared up one glorious image; but

terror and pity, to excite which is the object of tragedy, are neglected through the whole. The poet, like his hero, becomes a sort of suicide, and the drama dies; the charms of his poetry are but as rich spices to embalm the tragedy deceased. Pathos is the life and soul of tragedy, and charms us through a thousand faults; but Addison is himself, as he says of Cato, *ambitiously sententious;* his beauties sparkle but do not warm: there is indeed a constellation of these in his play; there is the philosopher, patriot, orator, and poet; but where is the tragedian? Dryden seems to have been of the same opinion; for when this play was sent to him to recommend it to the theatre, he returned it with many commendations, but with his opinion that on the stage it would not meet with its deserved success. There is this similitude between the poet and the play; the latter was fitter for the closet than the stage, and the former shone brighter in private conversation than public life.

He who sees not much beauty in Cato, has no taste for poetry; he who sees nothing else has no taste for the stage: whilst it jus-

tifies censure it extorts applause; it is much to be admired but little to be felt. Had it not been a tragedy, it had been immortal; as it is a tragedy, its uncommon fate somewhat resembles his, who for conquering gloriously was condemned to die. Both shone; but shone fatally, because in breach of their respective laws, the laws of the drama, and the laws of arms. But how rich in reputation must that author be who can spare a Cato and not feel the loss!

Cato, in many views, is an exquisite piece; but there is so much more of art than nature in it, that we can scarce forbear calling it an exquisite piece of statuary: in Addison's own words,

> Where the smooth chisel all its skill has shewn,
> To soften into flesh the rugged stone.

That is, where art has taken great pains to labour undramatic matter into dramatic life; which is impossible. However, as it is, like Pygmalion, we cannot but fall in love with it, and wish it was alive*.

---

* Dr. Young.

LXXVIII. MILTON'S DAUGHTER.

Milton's only daughter, whom he had taught to read Greek to him though she did not understand it, was represented to Mr. Addison to be in great distress, even to the want of common necessaries; whereupon he set about making a collection for her amongst his particular friends, and presented her with a purse containing one hundred guineas.

LXXIX. VENICE.

In Mr. Addison's account of Venice we have the following particulars, many of which are highly entertaining.

"The carnival of Venice is every-where talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is masking. The Venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give in to the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They

are indeed under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of Venice than in those of other countries; and I question not but the secret history of a carnival would make a collection of very diverting novels. Operas are another great entertainment of this season. The poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient Greeks or Romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough: for, who can endure to hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of an eunuch, especially when they may choose a subject out of courts where eunuchs are really actors, or represent by them any of the soft Asiatic monarchs? The opera that was most in vogue during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject:

Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. Si leve Cæsare, e dice a soldati, A la fugga, a la scampo. The daughter gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdraw into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy, he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand; but, being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch himself by tearing up his first wound.

" The Italian poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their prose and poetical language. There are indeed sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets; but among the Italians, there are not only sentences, but a multitude of

particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form when they come to be arranged in verse. For this reason the Italian opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers in this nation. The English and French, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures; or by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the peculiar parts that compose it.

"This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhime to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on

low subjects; and it is probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, Latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

"The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double-meanings imaginable when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine gentleman, especially when he converses with his mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But it is no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fall into such conversation on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. They have four standing characters that enter into every piece that comes upon the stage: the doctor, harlequin, pantaloon, and coviello. The doctor's character com-

prehends the whole extent of a pedant, that with a deep voice and a magisterial air breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him ; every thing he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companions are looked upon as impertinences or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made of blunders and absurdities ; he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. I have seen a translation of the Cid acted at Bolonia, which would never have taken had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks, that are made like the old Roman personæ. The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of shewing some of their characters in masks from the Greek and Ro-

man theatre. The old Vatican Terence has, at the head of every scene, the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen, in the villa Matthio, an antique statue, masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the Eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript. One would wonder indeed how so polite a people as the ancient Romans and Athenians, should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops or a Satyr, that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature, the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single

person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble indeed are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene."

LXXX. MR. ADDISON'S EPISTLE TO LORD HALLIFAX.

Scarcely any of Mr. Addison's poetical productions have gained him so much applause as his verses from Italy, addressed to Lord Halifax. Of this celebrated performance he thus speaks with apparent indifference in a letter * to Mr. Montague :

" I am just now arrived at Geneva by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you can 't imagine how much I

* For a fac-simile of the whole of this letter, see the first volume.

am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago after our tempest at Genoa. During my passage over the mountains, I made a Rhyming Epistle to my Lord Hallifax, which perhaps I will trouble you with a sight of, if I do n't find it to be nonsense upon a review. You will think it, I dare say, as extraordinary a thing to make a copy of verses in a voyage over the Alps, as to write an heroic poem in a hackney-coach; and I believe I am the first that ever thought of Parnassus on mount Sennis."

Mr. Addison to Edward Montague, Esq. from Geneva, dated Dec. 9, 1701.

LXXXI. MR. ADDISON TO MR. HUGHES.

Letter.

DEAR SIR, *April* 24, 1713.

This is to acquaint you that I am forced to practise a great piece of self-denial. In short, I must deprive my play * of the noble

* Cato.

ornament you designed for it. My friends, who all of them concur with me in admiring your beautiful copy of verses, are however of opinion, that it will draw upon me an imputation of vanity; and as my play has met with an unexpected reception, I must take particular care not to aggravate the envy and ill-nature that will rise in course upon me. Besides, to tell you truly, I have received other poems on the same occasion, and one or two from persons of quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the same time that I print any other. I know your good sense and friendship towards me will not let you put a wrong interpretation on this matter, and I am sure I need not tell you with how much sincerity and esteem, I am,

SIR,

Your most obliged and most
faithful humble Servant,
J. ADDISON.

LXXXII. MR. HUGHES TO MR. ADDISON.

Letter.

DEAR SIR, *April 25*, 1713.

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind letter. The warm expressions of friendship in it, give me a much more sensible pleasure than any I could receive from the approbation of my verses. I confess, when I wrote them, I had no thoughts of your printing them; and though nothing would flatter me so much in the making them public, as the satisfaction of seeing my name with yours, yet I am one of those friends who think your present resolution perfectly right, and entirely acquiesce in your reasons *. I cannot but applaud at the same time your chaste enjoyment of fame, which I think equally above envy and in-

* These verses, with several others, were however prefixed to all the subsequent editions of Cato, but none from "persons of quality" appeared among them.

capable of any addition. I am, with all possible esteem,

SIR,

Your most affectionate, and most obedient Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

LXXXIII. CHRONOLOGICAL DIARY.

In the Chronological Diary for the year 1719, the death of Mr. Addison is thus announced:

"June, 17— dy'd, Joseph Addison, Esq. He was son of Dr. Lancelot Addison, dean of Litchfield; and being educated at the Charter-House School, was sent from thence to the University of Oxford, where he finished his studies in Magdalen College. He became first known to the world by the excellency of his Latin poems, which he published in the Musæ Anglicanæ, and dedicated to Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, who, together with the Lord Somers, then lord-keeper (to whom he inscribed the first

piece he published in English, viz. a Poem to his Majesty King William III. on the taking of Namur in the year 1695), recommended him to that prince, who gave him a pension of 300*l.* per annum, and sent him to travel. At his return from his travels, he was made commissioner of appeals in the excise; afterwards he was under-secretary to the two secretaries of state, and secretary of state himself in Ireland, under two lord-lieutenants. Upon the death of queen Anne, he was made secretary to the regency, after that one of the lords commissioners for trade and plantations, and then advanced to be one of the principal secretaries of state to king George; which office, by reason of his ill state of health, he was obliged to resign some time before his death. He married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle in the county of Denbigh, bart. and relict of Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick, by whom he left issue only one daughter.

LXXXIV. LONDON EVENING POST.

It is not a little singular that only one * of the biographers of Addison has recorded the place of his interment, or told of any honours being paid to his remains. The following article, connected with this subject, appeared many years since in the London Evening Post.

" *To the Editor of the London Evening Post.*

" SIR,

" It has been long remarked by the judicious part of the world, that not any of the writings of the English poets have been more conducive to maintain and correct the morals of the people than those by Mr. Addison, especially in the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standard of our language, and abound with that morality which must ever make them admired by all the lovers of virtue. They are an outline

* See the next article.

of the mind of their author, who was one of the best and most elegant of mankind.

"I happened to be in company a few nights ago, when our conversation turned chiefly on the writings of Addison; and it was mentioned with regret, the ingratitude of his countrymen, to let his ashes be so long unnoticed, when many of their minor poets have superb monuments erected to their memories. But what greatly increased my surprise was, that one of the company produced a newspaper, and the Gentleman's Magazine for March, 1750; from the latter of which I have taken the following extract: viz. 'Deaths:—March 2d, Mrs. Sarah Coombs, widow: she was only sister to Mr. Addison; and left, after some legacies, her estate for the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey *, to Mr. Addison. She was buried in the said abbey, in the grave

* Mr. Addison is buried in Westminster Abbey, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel; but, shame on his country! not a stone or inscription tells where he lies! (1803.)

of her first husband, the Rev. Mr. Sartre, who was one of the prebendaries.'

"If there is any truth in this (which I should think is not to be doubted), certainly it calls on all the lovers of literature to enquire why the above estate was not appropriated according to the will and intention of the donor. I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,
And an admirer of the writings of
Joseph Addison.

Dublin,
Trinity College, Oct. 25, 1770."

LXXXV. HIS FUNERAL.

In an account of Mr. Addison, published by Curll, in the year 1719, it is mentioned that he died on June the 17th; that on the 26th of the same month he lay in state in the Jerusalem-chamber, and was afterwards interred in Westminster Abbey.

LXXXVI. MR. HUGHES TO MR. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 6, 1713.

I do not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the Guardian *. He has published this day a paper called the Englishman, which begins with an answer to the Examiner, written with great boldness and spirit, and shews that his thoughts are at present entirely on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters.

I know not whether such a paper as the Guardian may hereafter be attempted by other hands. I remember you were once pleased to ask me what I thought would be a good plan, and this unexpected occasion

* The last number of the Guardian was published, October 1, 1713.

has given me a thought, which I beg leave to offer to your consideration; and because I cannot at this distance so well explain it to you in the compass of a letter, I inclose a slight sketch I have just begun of it to-day; only I must acquaint you, that what I send is a sequel of a paper which is to open the plan, and which describes a society of learned men of various characters, who meet together to carry on a conversation on all kinds of subjects, and who empower their secretary to draw up any of their discourses, or publish any of their writings, under the title of the Register. By this means, I think, the town might be sometimes entertained with a dialogue, which will be a new way of writing, either related or set down in form, under the names of different speakers; and sometimes with essays, or with discourses in the person of the writer of the paper.

I choose to send you the second paper, though unfinished, because you will see an offer in it at a new-invented character, with a cast of oddness in it to draw attention, and to lay a foundation for a great variety of

matter and adventures. I wish I could tempt you, by any slight thought of mine, to take something of this kind into consideration; I should, on such conditions, be willing to furnish one paper in a week, on this or any plan you shall think more proper, but without you I shall make no further use of it. I shall only add, that it is my opinion, and I believe that of most others, that such a paper should be published only three times a-week; when it should begin, or whether at all or not, I submit to you, and shall be glad to be favoured with a few lines from you on this, directed to me in, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LXXXVII. REPLY TO THE FOREGOING

Bilton, near Rugby,
Oct. 12, 1713.

DEAR SIR,

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and the specimen, which I read over with great pleasure. I think the title of the Register would be less assuming than that of the Humanity Club; but to tell you truly,

I have been so taken up with thoughts of that nature for these two or three years last past, that I must now take some time *pour me delasser*, and lay in fuel for a future work. In the mean time, I should be glad if you would set such a prospect on foot, for I know nobody else capable of succeeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, since my friend has laid it down. I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself*; but he has sent me word, that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him in this particular will have no weight with him.

I beg you will present my most sincere respects to Sir Richard Blackmore, and that you will add my sister's, who is now with me, and is very much his humble servant. I wish I could see him and yourself in these

---

* Mr. Addison (as the event shewed) was too true a prophet: his friend, "Poor Dick," who was then member for Stockbridge, being expelled the House of Commons, March 15th, 1712-14, for some libellous paragraphs in the "Englishman," and the "Crisis."

parts, where I think of staying a month or two longer. I am always, with great truth and esteem,

SIR,
Your most faithful,
And most obedient Servant,
J. ADDISON.

LXXXVIII. SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE * TO MR. HUGHES.

SIR, *Nov.* 11, 1713.

When the assistance I offered to you and Mr. Addison was declined by both, I resolved, by the aid of another friend, to publish a paper three times a-week, and to own that

---

* This writer, though the butt of the wits, especially of Dryden and Pope, was treated with more contempt than he deserved. In particular, his "Poem on Creation" has much merit, and is extolled by Mr. Addison as "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse."—See the Spectator, vol. V, No. 399. And let it be remembered that the resentment of those wits was excited by Sir Richard's zeal for religion and virtue, by censuring the libertinism of Dryden, and the (supposed) profaneness of Pope. He died, Oct. 9. 1729.

I had some hand in it. Accordingly, this design has been twice publicly advertised. The paper is called the "Lay Monk*;" and now, I believe, the tenderness of your friendship, joined with your diffidence of success, begins to put you in pain, and make you tremble for me. But I entreat you to dismiss all concern of that nature, for I can run no risk. I am not determined by desire of fame or profit to undertake this difficult and hazardous province, but I have other views, which I am under obligations to pursue though I should run a greater venture than I do now. If I miscarry, I am but where I was; if I succeed, I shall have the satisfaction of accomplishing a design that I have formed for public good.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Richard Blackmore.

---

* The first paper was published Nov. 16, 1713; the last, Feb. 15, 1713-14.

LXXXIX. MR. HUGHES TO MR. ADDISON.

Dec. 5, 1713.

DEAR SIR,

I designed long ago to have acknowledged the favour of your kind letter, and at the same time to have acquainted you, that I had laid aside all thoughts of the design mentioned to you in my last. I had indeed been prompted to it by our very worthy friend Sir Richard Blackmore, who is apt to think, as you do, much too partially of my poor abilities. But when I perceived you were tired with an entertainment you had so long given the town with much better success than I could ever propose, I could not persuade myself to engage as a principal in an undertaking in which I was only willing to be an assistant. Sir Richard was however of opinion, that such a design ought not to be dropped, and therefore determined to make the experiment, which he believed might turn to the public good; and, by his

commission, I send you the papers * which have been hitherto published, to which he adds his sincere respects to your sister.

You may believe, when this design was once set on foot, I could not be wholly unconcerned: I must therefore desire your indulgence to the third, sixth, and ninth papers, and the rest I am sure will entertain you very well. I do not own my part but to yourself; having so much business to attend at present, besides my ordinary affairs, that I am never sure of a day's time. I should have been very glad if I could have accepted of your kind invitation, and have waited on you in the country. No one has more entire esteem for your friendship, nor more longs for your return to the town, than, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

---

* These papers were collected into a volume in 1714, under the title of "*The Lay Monastery.*" The Fridays' papers were by Mr. Hughes, the rest by Sir Richard Blackmore.

XC. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

" The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes or forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho-square*. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse

* At that time the genteelest part of the town. See the old map.

beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherage, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson * in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it.

"He is now in his fifty-fifth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house

* This fellow was a noted sharper, swaggerer, and debauchee, about town, at the time here pointed out. He was well known in Black Friars, and its *then* infamous purlieus. Oldys affirms, on the authority of old John Bowman the player, that the character of Captain Hackam, in Shadwell's comedy called "The Squire of Alsatia," was drawn to expose *bully* Dawson.

both in town and country, is a great lover of mankind; but, there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

"His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act." Spectator, No. 2.

Mr. Tyers, in an Historical Essay on Mr. Addison, says, "This character was understood to be drawn for Sir John Packington, of Worcestershire." The character of Sir Roger de Coverley it is well known was Addison's favourite; and he rarely expressed himself with equal warmth, as on finding that his friend Steele had brought the old knight into disgrace on an occasion described in a former article.

In the various features of this old English character, Mr. Addison has displayed the most delicate sentiment and feeling, and the finest humour; and it is impossible to attend Sir Roger to the situations in which he at different times appears, without experiencing the greatest interest and delight in his company. The visit of the Spectator to Coverley-hall is described with great beauty:

"Having," says the Spectator, "often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge; and have heard the knight desiring

them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

"I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother; his butler is grey-headed; his groom is one of the gravest men I have ever seen; and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years."

XCI. COVERLEY HALL.

"This agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck

out of a wood, in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of wandering from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city, the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and, whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend who walked by me, that we had insensibly stole into the grove sacred to the widow."

XCII. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S CHAPLAIN.

"He has," says Sir Roger, "now been with me thirty years; and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never

in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in his parish since he lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

"As Sir Roger," adds the Spectator, "was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us, and upon the knight's asking him who preached tomorrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon He then shewed us his list of preachers for the whole year,

where I saw with a great deal of pleasure archbishop Tillotson, bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect * and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after that manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor."

CXIII. THE PICTURE-GALLERY AT COVERLEY HALL.

"At the upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young

* "He (Sir Roger) was afraid of being insulted with Greek and Latin at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman of plain sense rather than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, &c." SPECTATOR.

men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half-dead, but still so much alive as to shew in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and, looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat at a distance, as we came to this house. I remember indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself,

that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master." See Spectator, No. 107.

XCIV. THE HAUNTED AVENUE.

"At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms*, 'feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.' I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very

* Psalm cxlvii. 9.

grave face, not to venture myself in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago, one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes, that she let it fall.

"I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper places in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbours of solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard

from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions." Spectator, No. 110.

XCV. SUNDAY AT SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S.

"I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would have been the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages or barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together, with their best faces and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together

in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change; the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings." Spectator, No. 112.

XCVI. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT CHURCH.

" My friend Sir Roger being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the

responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and Common Prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches I have ever heard.

"As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it but himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four

times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

"As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel, between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then enquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent." *Ibid.*

XCVII. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY A GREAT FOX-HUNTER.

"My friend, Sir Roger, has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind (sporting), and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of

deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and shew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin, stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner; and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal, filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger shewed me one of them that for distinction's sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The per-

verse widow whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me, that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house." No. 115.

XCVIII. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S VISIT TO WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, IN COMPANY WITH THE SPECTATOR.

" My friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, told me t' other night, that he had been reading my paper * upon Westminster-abbey; in which, said he, there are a great many inge-

---

* The paper here alluded to is No. 26, in which, amongst a variety of fine passages, these two are distinguished as pre-eminently beautiful:

" Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelful of it that

nious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he had quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport, since his last coming to town. Ac-

---

was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

"I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this

cordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

"I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable, upon

---

means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes; I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates, of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

" I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick; when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

" He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water *gratis* among all sorts of

people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, says Sir Roger, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

"His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

"We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from the box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our jour-

ney, till we were set down at the west-end of the abbey.

" As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, ' A brave man, I warrant him !' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, ' Sir Cloudsley Shovel ! a very gallant man !' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner ; ' Dr. Busby ! a great man ! He whipped my grand-father ; a very great man ! I should have gone to him myself, had I not been a blockhead ; a very great man !'

" We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said ; particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to find the statesman Cecil upon his knees ; and concluding

them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

"We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, 'that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit.' I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour,

and whispered in my ear, 'that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t' other of them.'

"Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, 'Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.'

"We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, 'that he was the first who touched for the evil;' and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us, there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

"Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been

stolen away several years since, 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger; 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care.'

"The glorious names of Henry the Fifth, and Queen Elizabeth, gave the knight great opportunity of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed, with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

"For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

"I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very

glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him at leisure." Spectator, No. 329.

XCIX. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT THE ASSIZES.

"The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places in the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them, who, for his reputation in the county, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, 'that he was glad his lordship had met with such good weather in his circuit.' I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him until I

found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much boldness and great intrepidity.

" Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eyes, and keep up his credit in the county.

" I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the county gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, who was not afraid to speak to the judge.

" In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who

know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family, and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the *knight's head* had hung out upon the road above a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's directions

to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and, by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's head.

"I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night, with the alterations he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence, but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the

best manner I could, and replied, 'that much might be said on both sides.'" Spectator, No. 122.

C. SIR ROGER'S REMARKS AND BEHAVIOUR AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

"Says the knight, 'If Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended.'

"The captain, who did not fail to meet me at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk *. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good

* In 1692. Gentlemen wore, about this time, a kind of neck-cloth called a Steenkirk, probably from its being taken notice of first at this battle; in like manner, and for a similar reason, a wig was called Ramillies, being introduced or become fashionable about the time of that battle, in 1706.

oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the play-house, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him between us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic * audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old

* The play was the Distrest Mother.

friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

"When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, 'You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, 'These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,'

says he, 'you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

"The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in this particular, though at the same time he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage.'

"As there was a very remarkable silence

and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players and their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death; and at the conclusion of it, told me, it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily

serious, and took occasion to moralise (in his way) upon an evil conscience; adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

"As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction it had given to the old man." Spectator, No. 335.

CI. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

Having accompanied this favourite character of Addison through many agreeable scenes, let us now attend the good old knight to his grave. The intelligence of his death,

and some particulars of his funeral, are related by the Spectator as follows:—

"We last night," says he, "received a piece of ill news, which very sensibly affected every one of us; I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead!* He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the Chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house.

As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter without any alteration or diminution.

" Honoured Sir,

" Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole county, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, as I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow-woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had not his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still he kept a good

heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message from the widow lady, whom he had made love to the last forty years of his life; but this only proved a lightening before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady, his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement, with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frize coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we are most of us grown grey-headed in our master's service, he has

left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried according to his own directions among the family of the Coverleys on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse, with heavy hearts and in their mourning suits; the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the

hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindness to the house-dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since, no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from

HONOURED SIR,

Your most faithful Servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT.

CII. SIR RICHARD STEELE TO LADY STEELE.

Dec. 22, 1707.

My dear, dear wife,

I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband,

Richard Steele.

CIII. FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

May 19, 1708.

Lord Sunderland's Office, 11 *o'Clock.*

Dear Prue,

I desire of you to get the coach and yourself ready as soon as you can conveniently, and call for me here, from whence we will go and spend some time together in the fresh air in free conference. Let my best perriwig be put in the coach-box, and my new shoes, for it is a comfort to be well dressed in agreeable company. You are

vital life to your obliged, affectionate husband, and humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

CIV. FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Nov. 15, 1708.

DEAR PRUE,

I send you all the money I have, which I hope will bring you to town. Since you have an inclination to see the funeral, I have spoken for a place at the house-keeper's at the House of Lords, to place you in, till I can get you a more convenient one for seeing the procession, &c. &c.

Yours with all my soul,

RICHARD STEELE.

CV. SIR RICHARD STEELE TO LADY STEELE, AT CAERMARTHEN, SOUTH WALES.

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1716.

DEAR PRUE,

Molly's distemper proves the small-pox, which she has very favourably, of a good kind. Mrs. Evans is very good, and Nurse

Jervase very diligent; Sarah has every good quality, and the whole family are in health beside the dear infant. I am very close at my papers, not having been two hours out of the house since I parted with you. Pray take care of yourself. I love you to distraction; for I cannot be angry at any thing you do, let it be ever so odd and unexpected, to the tenderest of husbands.

We had not, when you left us, an inch of candle, a pound of coal, or a bit of meat, in the house; but we do not want now.

RICHARD STEELE.

CVI. SIR RICHARD STEELE TO LADY STEELE, AT MRS. BRADSHAW'S HOUSE, AT SANDY-END, OVER AGAINST THE BALL ALE-HOUSE, IN FULHAM-ROAD.

Wednesday, Aug. 9, 1710.

Berry-street, half hour after Six.

DEAR PRUE,

Thou art such a foolish tender thing, that there is no living with thee.

I broke my rest last night, because I

knew you would be such a fool as not to sleep. Pray come home by this morning's coach, if you are impatient; but if you are not here before noon, I will come down to you in the evening; but I must make visits this morning to hear what is doing.

Yours ever,

RICHARD STEELE.

CVII. SIR RICHARD STEELE, MR. ADDISON.

The affection that subsisted between these illustrious friends, was not of that common and ordinary character which may be shaken or destroyed by a momentary stroke of adversity. Such a state, on the contrary, was a season for cementing it the firmer, for displaying it more conspicuously; and at no time did Mr. Addison evince a stronger regard than on the occasion of the trial of his friend, as appears by the following account of that transaction.

"On the 18th of March, the day appointed for Mr. Steele's trial, the court party thought proper to clear the house of all

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

ADDISONIANA.

From an Original Picture in the Possession of Mr. Phillips.

London, Published by R. Phillips, 71, St. Paul's Church Yard, April 25. 1803.

strangers ; which being done, auditor Foley moved, that before they proceeded any further, Mr. Steele should declare whether he acknowledged the writings that bore his name. Upon which Mr. Steele owned all the writings laid to his charge, to be parts of his writings ; that he wrote them in behalf of the House of Hanover, and owned them with the same unreservedness with which he had abjured the Pretender. Then a debate arising upon the method of proceeding, Mr. Foley proposed that Mr. Steele should withdraw ; but after several speeches, it was carried, without dividing, that he should stay in order to make his defence. Mr. Steele desired he might be allowed to answer to what might be urged against him, paragraph by paragraph ; but though he was powerfully supported by Mr. Robert Walpole, General Stanhope, the Lord Finch, eldest son to the Earl of Nottingham, and the Lord Hinchinbroke, son to the Earl of Sandwich, yet his accusers insisted, and it was carried, that he should proceed to make his defence generally upon the charge given

against him. Mr. Steele proceeded accordingly, being assisted by Mr. Addison, who sat near him, to prompt him upon occasion, and for near three hours spoke to the several heads, extracted out of the pamphlets above mentioned (which had been given in print to all the members), with such temper, eloquence, and unconcern, as gave entire satisfaction to all who were not prepossessed against him." Rapin, vol. IV, p. 343, folio.

CVIII. ADDISON LAID OUT FOR DEAD.

Dr. Johnson relates that at Mr. Addison's birth he appeared so weak and unlikely to live, that he was christened the same day; but Mr. Tyers goes still further, and says that he was actually laid out for dead as soon as he was born. To Mr. Tyers also we are indebted for the anecdote, that when Addison addressed his verses on the English poets to Dr. Sacheverel, he courted that gentleman's sister.

CIX. MR. HUGHES TO LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.

My Lord,

Whilst your Lordship's time has been so much engaged, I durst not allow myself to break in upon it with any trifles of mine; but now you will have some recess, I shall be proud if your lordship will let this small poem * wait on you for an audience, at some leisure hour in the country. It was written several years ago, when I had better health for endeavours of this kind than for some time of late, and was published at the particular instance of Mr. Addison, for whose judgment I know your lordship has a very just esteem; and as my friends have persuaded me to think this the most pardonable of my errors in print, I could not but be de-

* "An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus;" printed for Tonson in the year 1713, and reprinted in Mr. Hughes's Poems, vol. II. p. 79. This is mentioned with applause in the Spectator, vol. VII. Nos. 537. and 554.

sirous of making it known to your lordship, who, perhaps, may not have seen it at its first publication.

The greatest incitement to attempts of this kind (which have always something ambitious in them) is the approbation of persons of the first character in the age. Your Lordship's extensive genius has not more made you a judge of all the various improvements and productions the mind of man is capable of, than your goodness and humanity incline you to be an encourager to whatever is praise-worthy, or has even the merit of being well attempted. I cannot on this occasion but applaud my own happiness, in the station I have the honour to be placed in, which gives me the pleasure of contemplating so many great talents, and such excellent virtues. And it is a double satisfaction to me to think, that I owe the favour I have received from your Lordship, not only to the recommendation of your Lordship's great and worthy predecessor (to whom I have the highest obligations), but likewise to your own free and ready inclina-

tion; so ready and generous as to meet my request, and almost prevent my asking. So valuable a circumstance in your Lordship's favourable regard to me at first, and your constant kindness since, will ensure my most earnest zeal to approve myself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted,
and most obedient Servant,
John Hughes.

CX. MR. HUGHES TO EARL COWPER.

My Lord, *London, June* 20, 1719.

Since my last to your lordship, my fever has been pretty severe, and has wholly confined me to my own house, but is at last abated by the drinking of asses-milk twice a-day, after the bark had failed; so that I think I am now on the mending hand, but have not yet been fit for any journey farther than to Earl's-court *. In a week or ten days I hope to remove farther, and pursue

* Sir Richard Blackmore's.

the most probable methods to which I am directed for my recovery.

I condole with your Lordship on the loss of that fine genius, Mr. Addison *. I shall often now think of that topic from which Lucretius draws a very elegant reproof to a common undistinguished person, who bewails himself on the shortness of life and the certain prospect of death :

Lumina sic etiam solis bonus Ancu' reliquit,
Qui melior multis quam tu fuit, improbe, rebus :
Adde repertores doctrinarum atq ; leporum,
Adde Heliconiadum comites :——
Tu vero dubitabis et indignabere obire ?

Dryden, as I remember, has finely translated this, but I cannot recollect the lines †. I am not capable of writing your Lord-

* He died three days before the date of this letter.

† They are as follow :

Ancus, thy better far, was born to die ;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?
The founders of invented arts are lost,
And wits who made eternity their boast ;
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death ?

ship any particulars of the action in Scotland, not knowing any thing but by the public news. I wish your Lordship and family much health, and am with the greatest zeal,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's devoted humble Servant,

John Hughes.

P. S. I have not been able to obey my Lady Cowper's commands in seeing Sir Godfrey Kneller, but can assure her Ladyship that the book in the picture is taken care of.

CXI. STEELE, ADDISON, CIBBER.

" Mr. Cibber has lately published a play (altered some years ago from the ' Cid' of Corneille, and entitled ' The Heroic Daughter'), which he has dedicated to Sir Richard Steele ; whom, among other topics of praise, he commends for his humility in submitting to be assisted by another great author (plainly designing the late Mr. Addison), and by that means letting him into a share of fame

with him. The daubing sycophant tells him, that 'he may fairly apply to his singular conduct, what Antony says to Octavius in All for Love:

> Fool that I was! upon my eagle's wings
> I bore this wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,
> And now he mounts above me.'

"On this occasion the following lines were written extempore, by one who has an odd fancy that Cibber and Steele are inferior to Corneille and Addison:

> Thus Colley Cibber greets his partner Steele*,
> See here, Sir Knight, how I' ve outdone Corneille;
> See here, how I, my patron to inveigle,
> Make Addison a wren, and you an eagle!
> Safe, to their silent shades we bid defiance,
> For living dogs are better than dead lions."

Mr. Duncombe to Mr. Allen, dated London, Nov. 5, 1719.

---

* They were at that time joint patentees of the theatre.

CXII. THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, SIR RICHARD STEELE, BISHOP HOADLEY.

In the summer of the year 1718, the bishop of Bangor, with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele*, made a visit of some days at Blenheim-house, by invitation, where they found the ladies and gentlemen of the family, and a few of the neighbourhood, had got up the tragedy of All for Love, to entertain the Duke of Marlborough, who had shewn before this, some symptoms of that paralytic disorder which impaired his senses, and at length terminated in a total decay and his dissolution. Lady

* Bishop Hoadley and Sir Richard Steele had long been connected as public men, and fellow-labourers in the cause of liberty. Mr. Hoadley was one of the four friends who, in 1711, revised and corrected Mr. Steele's Crisis, before it was printed. Mr. Addison, Mr. Lechmere, and Mr. Minshull, were the other three. Mr. Hoadley was also the reputed author of "A Dedication to his Holiness Clement XI;" an admirable piece of grave humour, signed "Richard Steele," being prefixed to his "Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World," published in 1715.

Bateman (one of his Grace's grand-daughters by the Earl of Sunderland), who played the part of Cleopatra, had in vain applied to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion, and seemed chagrined at the disappointment. At night, when the family retired, the Bishop desired pen, ink, and paper, might be brought to his chamber, and the next morning at breakfast, presented to Lady Bateman the following Prologue, which she spoke the same evening to the duke and duchess; his grace shedding tears at the unexpected compliment from a favourite grand-child.

In the course of the play, Sir Richard, who sat next to the Bishop, often observed how well and feelingly Captain Fishe performed the part of Antony. This gentleman, who had been the duke's page, had distinguished himself in the army, and died a lieutenant-colonel. In one of the scenes where Fishe was very sweet upon his Cleopatra, Sir Richard whispered the bishop, 'I doubt this Fishe is flesh, my Lord.' Another incident occurred at their going away: Sir

Richard said to the bishop, 'Does your Lordship give money to all these fellows in laced coats and ruffles?' 'No doubt;' replied the bishop. 'I have not enough,' said the knight; and when he passed by them in the hall, he accosted them in a speech, telling them, 'that he had found them men of taste, and, as such, invited them all to Drury-lane Theatre, to whatever play they should please to bespeak;' he having then a share in the patent *.

A HASTY PROLOGUE

TO

ALL FOR LOVE.

ACTED AT BLENHEIM-HOUSE, IN THE SUMMER, 1718.

Written by Bishop Hoadley, and spoken by Lady Bateman.

While ancient dames and heroes in us live,
And scenes of love and war we here revive;
Greater in both, in both more fortunate,
Than all that ever ages past call'd great,

* This he obtained in 1714, by the friendship of the Duke of Marlborough.

O Marlbro,' think not wrong that I thee name,
And first do homage to thy brighter fame.
Beauty and virtue with each other strove,
To move and recompense thy early love;—
Beauty * which Egypt's queen could never boast,
And virtue she ne'er knew, or quickly lost:
A soul so form'd and cloth'd, heav'n must design
For such a soul and such a form as thine.
But call'd from soft repose and beauty's charms,
Thy louder fame is spoke in feats of arms.
The fabled stories of great Philip's son,
By thy great deeds, the world has seen outdone;
The Cæsars that Rome boasted, yield their bays,
And own, in justice, thy superior praise:
They fought, the empire of the world to gain—
But thou, to break the haughty tyrant's chain;
They fought t' enslave mankind—but thou to free
Whole nations from detested slavery,
"Their guilty paths to grandeur taught to hate
By virtue, nor to blush for being great †."
This heap of stones, which Blenheim's palace frame,
Rose in this form, a trophy to thy name;
This heap of stones must crumble into sand,
But thy great name shall through all ages stand.

---

* See the Duchess of Marlborough's portrait, painted by Kneller, and engraved by Smith: and the duke, it is well known, was distinguished in the French army under Marshal Turenne, by the name of "The handsome Englishman."

† See Aurengzebe, Act V.

In fate's dark house I saw thy long-liv'd name,
And thus the certain prophecy proclaim:
One * shall arise, who will thy deeds rehearse,
Not in arch'd roofs, or in suspected verse;
But in plain annals of each glorious year,
With pomp of truth the story shall appear.
Long after Blenheim's walls shall mould'ring lie,
Or, blown by winds, to distant countries fly;
By him shall thy great actions all survive,
And by thy name shall his be taught to live.
Oh cherish the remains of life; survey
Those years of glory which can ne'er decay;
Enjoy the best reward below allow'd,
The memory of past actions great and good!

See the Correspondence of John Hughes, Esq.

---

* It is supposed that the historian here alluded to by his Lordship, was the friend who sat next him; as Sir Richard, in the sixth number of a paper, called "The Reader," dated May 3, 1714, had intimated a design of writing "a history of the war in Flanders; the relation to commence from the date of the Duke of Marlborough's commissions as captain-general and plenipotentiary, and to end with the expiration of those commissions." But this design he never executed; and after his death, in 1729, the materials were returned to the Duchess-dowager of Marlborough, who, by her last will, left them to Mr. Glover and the late Mr. Mallet for the same purpose, with £1000. to be equally divided between them. But the first of these gentlemen declined the trust, and the latter never discharged it.

CXIII. PADUA.

Mr. Addison's turn for humour continually shewed itself, and he could not omit any good occasion that presented for the gratification of this favourite propensity. From his account of Padua we have an early instance of this, in the following curious narration :—

" The next day brought us to Padua. St. Antony, who lived about five hundred years ago, is the great saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which, they say, have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam; and, what would make one suspect that they rub the marble

with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night.

" There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his votaries in several parts of the church : for it is the way of those that are in any signal danger, to implore his aid, and, if they come off safe, they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or a description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches; and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature.

" They sell, at Padua, the life of St. Antony, which is read with great devotion; the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of fishes. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

' When the hereticks would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the seashore, where the river Marechia disem-

bogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antony was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words :

' Although the infinite power and providence of God, my dearly beloved fish, discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars ; in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures ; nevertheless the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and

appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings. For, notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tossed among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold; notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine greatness shews itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an Infinite Goodness. The Holy Scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

'Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that, without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that, next to the paschal lamb, he took so much pleasure

in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish! These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

'It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottos, and such magnificent retirements, as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes. You have the water for your dwelling, a clear, transparent element, brighter than crystal: you can see from its deepest hollow, every thing that passes on its surface: you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an Argus: you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and

avoiding every thing that may be hurtful: you are carried on by a hidden instinct, to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species: you obey, in all your actions, works, and motions, the dictates and suggestions of Nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

'The colds of winter, and the heats of summer, are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky, are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightenings and earthquakes: you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer; in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

'In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that pe-

rished in the universal deluge! you only were insensible of the mischief that laid waste the whole world.

'All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude, make at least some sign of reverence, bow yourselves at his name, give some shew of gratitude according to the best of your capacities, express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.....

'He had no sooner done speaking, but—behold a miracle!—the fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies

up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father St. Antonio.'

" The Legend adds, that after many hereticks, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.

" Several other the like stories of St. Antony are represented about his monument in a very fine basso-relievo.

" The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal, or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the deity that had delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shewn me in Italy."

CXIV. JOURNEY FROM LORETTO TO ROME.

"The fatigue of our crossing the Appenines," says Mr. Addison, "and of our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For, not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers; we saw, in six days' travelling, the several seasons of the year in all their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom; the bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February. Sometimes our road led us through groves of olives, or by gardens of oranges, or into several hollow

apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses, as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure."

CXV. ROME; ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Mr. Addison's judgment of this fine edifice is generally esteemed correct, and has been adopted by succeeding travellers.

"Upon my arrival at Rome," says he, "I took a view of St. Peter's and the Rotunda, leaving the rest till my return from Naples, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. St. Peter's seldom answers expectation at first entering it; but enlarges itself on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad; because it is all of them in a just equality. As on the contrary, in our Gothic

cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth; and the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surprised to find that the dome which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without doors; the last of them being a kind of case to the other, and the stairs lying betwixt them both, by which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shewn itself to advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having surveyed this dome, I went to see the rotunda, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present

so much changed from the ancient Pantheon, as Pliny has described it, that some have been inclined to think it is not the same temple; but the Cavalier Fontana has abundantly satisfied the world on this particular, and shewn how the ancient figure and ornaments of the Pantheon have been changed into what they are at present.

"After having seen these two masterpieces of modern and ancient architecture, I have often considered with myself whether the ordinary figure of the Heathen, or that of the Christian temples, be the most beautiful and the most capable of magnificence; and cannot forbear thinking the cross figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the rotund. I must confess, the eye is better filled at first entering the rotund, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view; but such as are built in the form of a cross, give us a greater variety of noble prospects. Nor is it easy to conceive a more glorious shew in architecture, than what a man meets with in St. Peter's, when he stands under the dome. If

he looks upward, he is astonished at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him that makes one of the beautifullest vistas that the eye can possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties, the architects themselves never thought of; as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the rotunda is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the temple look like angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them."

CXVI. ANTICIPATION OF THE POSTHUMOUS CHARACTER OF SIR RICHARD STEELE, WRITTEN DURING HIS LIFE BY DR. RUNDLE *.

On the —— day of —— in the year —— died Sir Richard Steele (in decency we must suppose him dead, when we sum up his

* From Butler's Memoirs.

actions). It is pity there is no person of ability left to give his character to the world, who drew so many, so finely! In a well-written life of him might be seen an epitome of mankind; and the motto of his first Tatlers was as true of his example as of his writing: *Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.* Surely, so many follies and so much worth, were never blended together in any single person before. The last he resolved should be the guide of his behaviour, though he always followed the former.

He was a coquette to virtue; made continual advances, and seemed just yielding up himself to the comely dame who courted him, as she once did Hercules; when, on a sudden, he would flounce off, flirt back, and sink into the arms of pleasure. His soul, in his calm morning hours, was truly great; and some design for public good. The improvement of knowledge, and the security of liberty (which he always esteemed the manhood of the mind), was formed in his thoughts, and was the delight of his medita-

tions; and it must be owned that England is ungrateful, if she doth not confess that the present happiness she enjoys was more guarded to her by him, than by any thousand other private men she can boast of. He had undaunted courage to oppose all mankind, for the sake of what was right; but still his inborn imprudences generally rendered that courage feebly useful to the world; and his inability to withstand some evening's merriment ruined half his attempts.

But, notwithstanding the ridicule of such an allay in his patriot ambition, he went on, like others, through good and ill report; and suffered himself to be laughed at and railed at, with all the indolence and insensibility of a stoic.

No bribes of riches or greatness could have tempted him to do a base action; though the necessities into which his carelessness in the management of his fortune, and a thoughtless generosity, had thrown him, often compelled him to submit to basenesses, almost as low as those by which others raise

estates, and become glorious in villainy. Yet, while he did it, he scorned and hated himself; and resolved to be rich that he might be honest. But still the want of money returned, and with it all the mean shifts to extricate himself from the fatigue of lying to his creditors.

Thus he went on, in a continual round of self-dislike, and doing actions which produced new self-dislike; but he had this to say for his worst conduct, that his vices were always rencounters, and never meditated wickedness.

He was a pleasant companion, a generous enemy, and a zealous friend. His company was courted by every body, as more entertaining than a comedy; he never refused to forgive, and then forget, the injuries that had been done him by those who desired they should be forgiven; and all his fortune was at the command of his friends, as well as his labour and reputation. He seemed to want gold, only to give it away; his busy mind pursued project after project in hopes to be rich, that by it he might be more eminently serviceable to his friends

and his country. He embraced every appearance that flattered this public-spirited avarice, though the proposal were ever so wanton and improbable. In hopes of getting immense wealth, he ran after every whim, and so first aimed at the philosopher's stone; and when that would not do, he could condescend to be thought the author of the humble discovery of a new-fashioned hoop-peticoat; but still it was with the sacred view of serving his country by his riches.

This briskness and quicksightedness to find out mines of treasure in a nation, made him enquire out great numbers of men of abilities who were obscured by poverty, and animate them to exert their inventive talents by high promises. When any of them had contrived a handsome scheme, he would, in the hurry of his approbation, expend his whole cash to promote it; and at last, when the project was almost ready to repay with interest his trouble and charges, the hopes would be blasted for another ten pounds to complete the undertaking. Thus he rid hard,

continually coursing after treasure; and, when his dog bore at the game, by a nimble unexpected turn, it always escaped from its mouth, and he returned empty; however, he comforted himself that he had brave sport, and went out again the next day, fresh and eager to the field. Thus, constantly, with high hopes and self-complacency, he renewed his project, as warm in expectation of success, as if he had met with no disappointment. He was often within a day of being the richest man in England; but before that ill-natured to-morrow came, he died! much lamented by all who value wit and good sense; and he must be owned to be, if not virtuous, yet a lover of virtue.

His writings will make him beloved by all in ages to come, when his follies are forgot, or softened by time. To him we owe not only his own performances, but those of others likewise; and he was properly the man-midwife to all the children of the Muses born in his own time, and was suspected very often of being their father also.

He would have been what he was had

Addison never been born; but Addison would have died with narrow fame had he never had a friendship with Sir Richard, whose compositions have done eminent service to mankind. To him we owe, that swearing is unfashionable, and that a regard to religion is become a part of good-breeding.

He had learning, but it was seldom transfused into his performances. He studied nature more than books; and as Numa consulted with Egeria, and learnt his laws from that divine nymph, Sir Richard was in love with a more real goddess, and was taught by her, in reality, all his precepts. He had an art to make people hate their follies, without hating themselves for having them; and he shewed gentlemen a way of becoming virtuous with a good grace.

A bold free spirit, a lively humour, a quickness of thought, and the most delicate touches of the passions, inspire pleasure into all that read and understand his writings. He had not leisure and coolness enough to bear the fatigue of being correct: his obser-

vations on mankind crowded so fast upon him, that, for want of patience to write them down in a due studied natural order, he sometimes became obscure. His satire was severe and pointed; but, I think, he never once exerted that against his private, but always against his country's, enemies; and therefore shewed good-nature even in his sharpest and bitterest invectives.

He had no genius for rhyme; and he knew that he had not, and therefore but seldom attempted it. Those who love Steele, will only admire Addison; he will never have many applauders; but those who can relish him, will never think any writings equal to those he has left us.

How good his political judgment was, may be learnt from his letters to Sir Miles Wharton, and to the bailiff of Stockbridge; how generous his sentiments of religion, may be seen in his Epistle to the Pope. The justness of his wit, and his exact knowledge of true character, every body confessed by their approbation of his Plays and Tatlers.

Let thy faults, O Sir Richard, be buried

in thy grave, and thy virtues be imitated by all! Let thy writings be beloved! for whoever doth that sincerely, will, before he thinks of it, become a lover, if not a practiser, of virtue; and the world may owe to thee the removal of fopperies, that are to be born again in centuries to come. Thy works will be a medicine of the mind, and cure all the green-sicknesses and appetites that will seize on the gay and the young without so friendly a cordial. If all who have been or shall be benefited by thy advice, will own themselves thy admirers, never could author boast a more universal or a better-founded applause; and Socrates himself shall have fewer disciples than Steele.

T. Rundle.

CXVII. THE CENSORIUM.

In 1715, Sir Richard Steele set up a place of entertainment in York-buildings, which he called the *Censorium*. The following address, written by him, was spoken in that

place on the birth-day of George I., 28th of May, 1715. It alludes to many incidents in the life of this eccentric character.

THE sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
To watch the public weal, though not his own:
Still have his thoughts uncommon schemes pursu'd,
And teem'd with projects for his country's good.
Early in youth his enemies have shewn
How narrowly he miss'd the chemic stone.
Not Friar Bacon promis'd England more;
Our artist, lavish of his fancied ore,
Could he have brought his great design to pass,
Had wall'd us round with gold instead of brass.
That project sunk, you saw him entertain
A notion more chimerical and vain:
To give chaste morals * to ungovern'd youth,
To gamesters honesty, to statesmen truth;
To make you virtuous all—a thought more bold
Than that of changing dross and lead to gold.
But now to greater actions he aspir'd,
For still his country's good our champion fir'd:
In treaties vers'd, in politicks grown wise,
He look'd on Dunkirk † with suspicious eyes;
Into her dark foundations boldly dug,
And overthrew in fight the fam'd Sieur Tugghe.

---

* Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, Lover, Reader, &c.

† In "The Importance of Dunkirk considered," and "The French Faith represented in the present State of Dunkirk."

Still on, his wide unwearied view extends,
Which I may tell, since none are here but friends;
In a few months he is not without hope
(But 't is a secret) to convert the Pope.
Of this, however, he'll inform you better,
Soon as his holiness receives his letter *:
Meantime he celebrates, for 't is his way,
With something singular this happy day;
His honest zeal ambitious to approve,
For the great monarch he was born to love;
Resolv'd in arms and arts to do him right,
And serve his country like a trusty knight.

CXVIII. ADDISON AND JOHNSON.

One of the biographers of Johnson has given the following lively view of the comparative merits of these two eminent writers:

"As an essayist, Dr. Johnson yields to Addison. The wisdom of the former steps into our system invested in all the stiff formality of her primitive magnificence: that of the latter comes cheerfully into our familiar habits, and appears amongst us like

---

* The dedication to "An Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World." See also "Steele's Epistolary Correspondence."

Apollo in his exile from heaven, a conscious divinity in a garb of plainness. Johnson is fond of pomp, ceremony, and procession; he is the doge of Venice, proceeding with accumulated finery to celebrate his nuptials with the Adriatic: while Addison, with more power and less state, comes amongst us like Peter the Great, and thinks nothing that belongs to life or manners too minute for observation, too trifling for use, or too insignificant for description. His humour also is more easy, more exuberant, and more natural. Not that Johnson is quite destitute of the quality; but what he has is of the grand and epic cast. It would have enabled him to have given a tolerably correct idea of the language and character of the knight of La Mancha himself, but would have deserted him totally in attempting to convey the most remote similitude of his incomparable squire.

"Johnson's stories and apologues have also less of the glow of real life than Addison's. They have the rigidity of theatrical fabrication; the incidents are not badly made,

but it is evident they *are* made. With all these drawbacks to his disadvantage, however, it is not to be denied, that we not unfrequently discover in the lucubrations of Johnson, instances of strong original observation, of commanding powerful combinations, and of noble and sublime morality, such as we in vain hope to find in the neater pages of Addison."

CXIX. MR. ADDISON'S WILL.

The following article is extracted from the registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury:—

"In the name of God, Amen. I Joseph Addison, now of the parish of Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. being of sound and disposing mind and memory, yet considering the uncertainty of this mortal life, do think it necessary to make and ordain this my last will and testament, which is as followeth. Imprimis: I give and bequeath unto my dear and loving wife, the Countess of Warwick and Holland, her heirs, exe-

cutors, and assigns, all and singular my real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever, of which I am now seized or possessed, or entitled unto; upon this condition, that my said dear wife shall out of my said estates pay, within half a year after my decease, the sum of five hundred pounds to my sister, Mrs. Combes; and the yearly sum of fifty pounds to my mother, now living at Coventry, during her life, by half-yearly payments, viz. at Michaelmas and Lady-day; the first of the said payments to be made at the first of the said feasts that shall happen next after my decease. And I do make and ordain my said dear wife executrix of this my last will: and I do also appoint her to be guardian of my dear child, Charlotte Addison, until she shall attain her age of one and twenty; being well assured that she will take due care of her education and maintenance, and provide for her in case she live to be married. Item, I do hereby revoke all former wills by me made. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this fourteenth day of May,

in the fifth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King George, and in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.

"JOSEPH ADDISON."

CXX. JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.*

The following letter to Mr. Craggs † is rendered peculiarly interesting from the circumstance of its having been penned by Mr. Addison on his death-bed, and in the full prospect of his dissolution nigh at hand.

---

* Epitaph on Mr. Craggs.

Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

A. POPE.

† Not many days before his decease, Mr. Addison gave directions to Mr. Tickell to collect his writings; and at the same time committed to his care this letter to Mr. Craggs (his successor as secretary of state), wherein he bequeaths them to him as a token of friendship.

It is also another affecting incident, that the friend to whom it is addressed, and to whom Mr. Addison bequeathed his writings, did not himself live to see them published.

" Could any circumstance be more severe to me," says Mr. Tickell, " while I was executing these last commands of the author, than to see the person to whom his works were presented cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr. Addison, to be laid next him in the same grave!"

To the Right Honourable James Craggs, Esq. His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State.

DEAR SIR,

I cannot wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship, and therefore I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care

of them to one whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection, and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments as would but ill suit that familiarity between us which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so early may increase more and more, and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible as sincere as yourself.

When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

DEAR SIR,

Your most entirely affectionate friend, and faithful obedient Servant,

J. ADDISON.

CXXI. LAST MOMENTS OF ADDISON.

These volumes would be incomplete without the present article.

Reader! let us enter together the dying chamber of Addison! The scene may affect us, but it may yield us great benefit. We are indebted to the celebrated Dr. Young for the record of this last act in the life of the expiring sage. These are the emphatic colours in which he paints it.

"After a long and manly, but vain, struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and, with them, all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related (the earl of Warwick), and

finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but, life now glimmering in the socket, Addison was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, 'Dear Sir, you sent for me; I believe, and I hope, you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred.' May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the earl's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a *Christian* can die *!'"

* That giant in learning, John Selden, when laying upon his death-bed, uttered this memorable expression:

"Though he had his study full of books and papers of most subjects in the world, yet at that time he could not recollect any passage out of the infinite number of books and manuscripts he was master of wherein he could rest his soul, save out of the Holy Scriptures, wherein the most remarkable passage that lay most upon his spirit was this:—'For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'" Tit. ii. 11, 12, 13, 14.

THE END.

INDEX.

A.

	Vol.	Page
ADDISON, Dr. Launcelot	I.	55
Addison, Mr., Pope's advice to on his "Cato"	I.	94
..... his letter to Pope	I.	137
..... to Swift	I.	229
..... to Mr. Hughes	II.	167
..... laid out for dead as soon as born	II.	218
..... account of his death	II.	259
..... Miss, some account of	I.	166
..... Miss, the account of her death inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine	II.	47
Advertisement in the Spectator	I.	22
Age, the Augustan of England	I.	135
Alchemy, Steele infatuated with the notion of	I.	10
Amphitheatre, comparative excellence of a line on one by Pope and Addison	I.	81
Anne, Queen, instance of her respect for Mr. Addison	I.	6
..... praises the tragedy of Cato	II.	9
Aristæus, Mr. Addison designated under this character	I.	49
Army, the, Steele's behaviour in	II.	14
Assizes, the, Sir Roger de Coverley's behaviour at	II.	198
Atticus, Pope's character of Mr. Addison under this title	I.	81

Vol. Page

Atticus, remarks on this character in Mist's Journal ... II. 69
Authors, arrangement of..... I. 7
Author, severity of Mr. Addison to one ..... I. 37

B.

Babillard, Le, a French periodical paper so called .... I. 86
Barring out, story of..... I. 88
Bayle's Dictionary, consulted by Mr. Addison..... I. 207
Bickerstaff, Isaac, why the Tatler was published under this name..... I. 50
Bilton, Mr. Addison's seat at..... II. 1
Blackstone, Sir William, his statement of the quarrel between Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison..... II. 73
Blackmore, Sir Richard, letter to Mr. Hughes..... II. 169
Blenheim-house, account of an entertainment there.... II. 227
Boileau, M. his compliment to Mr. Addison ..... I. 54
Bolingbroke, Lord, Mr. Addison's opinion of ..... II. 146
Bos, the Abbé du, quotes Addison..... I. 192
British constitution, the, its peculiar excellence..... I. 142
Bruyere, La, Addison compared to..... I. 84
Budgell, Mr. Eustace, his share in the Spectator..... II. 26
..... his melancholy death..... II. 27
Button's coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Addison's time..... I. 27

C.

Campaign, the, Mr. Addison persuaded to undertake this poem ..... I. 65

Vol. Page
Campaign, the, some passages analysed..... II. 145
Cato, Mr. Addison's tragedy of, the applause bestowed on it..... I. 75
.... observation on ..... I. 143. 144
.... the last line of, supplied by Pope..... I. 165
.... Mr. Addison prevailed upon to bring this tragedy on the stage..... II. 42
.... Dr. Young's critique on..... II. 146
Caution of Mr. Addison towards Steele..... I. 47
Challenge of Steele by a brother-officer..... I. 13
Chaplain, Sir Roger de Coverley's..... II. 178
Character of Mr. Addison, Steele's promise of..... I. 94
..... a lineament of, preserved by Swift..... I. 94
Chesterfield, Lord, his opinion of Mr. Addison..... I. 90
Cheyne, Dr., his anecdote of Mr. Addison's marriage.. I. 162
China collections, the fashion of, ridiculed..... I. 12
Christian religion, the, Mr. Addison's treatise on..... I. 92
Christian Hero, some account of..... I. 180
Chronological Diary, the account of Mr. Addison's death inserted there..... II. 160
Church, Mr. Addison's views towards..... I. 32, 59
..... Sir Roger de Coverley's behaviour at..... II. 185
Cibber, Colley, his account of the tragedy of Cato.... I. 76
....., Steele, Addison..... II. 224
Classics, Mr. Addison's study of the..... I. 57
Cole, Mr., Mr. Addison's letter to..... I. 176
Commodes, the Spectator's description of..... I. 200
Companions, the, of Mr. Addison..... I. 18
Compositions, the delicacy of Mr. Addison in his own I. 75
Composition, Mr. Addison's mode of..... I. 93

Vol. Page

Conversation, Addison's..... I. 3
Conversation of Mr. Addison, Steele's character of it.. I. 90
Country between Rome and Naples, description of.... I. 151
Coverley, Sir Roger de, Mr. Addison's vexation on perceiving this character degraded by Steele.... I. 70, 71
..... account of..... II. 173
..... the Spectator's account of the Sunday passed with him..... II. 184
..... account of his death and burial II. 207
..... Hall, description of..... II. 177
Cowley, his redundancy of wit..... I. 143
Cowper, Earl, Mr. Hughes's letter to..... II. 231
Craggs, Mr., the meanness of his origin..... I. 165
Critics, how treated by Mr. Pope..... I. 117

D.

Despairing Shepherd, the, Rowe's ballad of..... I. 89
Distinguished Personages, the respect shewn to Mr. Addison by..... II. 68
Drummer, the, Mr. Addison's comedy of..... II. 65
..... dedication of ..... I. 46
Dryden, Mr. Addison's verses to..... I. 33
Dunbar, Major, Mr. Addison's letter to..... I. 173, 175
Dunkirk, Mr. Addison's father made chaplain at..... I. 56

E.

Early merit, Mr. Addison's..... II. 56
Edinburgh, Steele's frolic there..... II. 17

	Vol.	Page
Egmont, Lord, his anecdote of Mr. Addison	II.	9
Elegy on Addison, Dr. Johnson's opinion of Mr. Tickell's	I.	100
English Poets, Mr. Addison's account of	I.	82
	II.	57
English Dictionary, Mr. Addison's project of one	II.	55
Epilogue to the Distrest Mother	II.	38
Errata in the Tatler	I.	23, 25
Eugene, Prince	I.	16
Evremond, M. St., Mr. Addison's remarks on	II.	44
Examiner, the, its severity towards Mr. Addison	I.	53

F.

Fashions, the singularity of	I.	27
Fees of office, Mr. Addison's custom relating to	I.	9
Ficorini, instructs Mr. Addison in the science of medals	I.	79
First English production, Mr. Addison's	II.	6
Fountain, Sir A. letter to Swift	I.	227
Fox-hunter, Sir Roger de Coverley a great one	II.	187
Freeholder, the, its extensive effects	II.	63
Friendship, the, between Steele and Addison, affecting instances of	I.	72, 179
Funeral, the, a comedy by Steele	I.	183
Funeral, Mr. Addison's	II.	164

G.

Garth, Sir Samuel, his religion	I.	21
Gay, Mr., letter to Mr Pope	I.	134
Gazetteer, Steele's first preferment	I.	54

Vol. Page

Gazetteer, effect of this appointment on Steele..... I. 182
Grinning-match, condemned by the Spectator ..... I. 202
Grotto del Cane, description of..... I. 149
Guardian, Mr. Addison's elegant dedication of the second volume ..... I. 176
..... the design of the periodical paper so called II. 15

H.

Halifax, Lord, presses Mr. Addison to become Secretary of State..... I. 108
..... his letter to Swift ..... I. 224
..... Mr. Addison's epistle to, written from Italy II. 156
Hart, Mr., anecdote of..... II. 16
Haunted House, the origin of this play ..... II. 47
..... Avenue, the, at Coverley-hall ..... II. 182
Hawkins, Sir John, his judgment of the opera of Rosamond ..... I. 163
Highlands of Scotland, the Spectator sent thither..... II. 8
Hoadley, Bishop, Steele's elegant distich to..... II. 35
Holland-house, anecdote concerning..... I. 118
Homer, Tickell's translation of..... I. 96
Honeycomb, Will, for whom this character was designed I. 42
Hovel, Steele's house at Hampton-wick so called..... I. 8
Hughes, extract of a letter from Mr. Addison to..... I. 59
..... persuades Mr. Addison to finish his "Cato".. I. 96
..... his papers in the Tatler and Spectator ..... II. 28
..... letter to Mr. Addison ..... II. 159, 165, 171
..... Mr. Addison's letter to ..... II. 157

Vol. Page

Human character, the, Mr. Addison's knowledge of.. I. 94
Hypercriticism on the poem of the Campaign..... I. 146

I.

Iliad, first book of the, anecdote of..... I. 167
Ince, Mr. Richard, a contributor to the Spectator..... II. 39
Inquisition, the, burn the writings of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq..... I. 10
Integrity, instance of in Mr. Addison..... I. 52
Islington, Mr. Addison lodges at ..... I. 4
Italy, Mr. Addison's letters from ..... II. 61
Jervas, Mr., his letter to Mr. Pope..... I. 192
Johnson, Mrs., letter from Swift to..... I. 61, 197
Journale Littéraire, la, compliments Mr. Addison's poem of the Campaign..... I. 67
..... opinion of the Spectator..... I. 69
Journey, Mr. Addison's, from Rome to Naples..... I. 210

K.

Kensington, Mr. Addison frequents the coffee-house there I. 165
Kippis, Dr., his character of Mr. Addison's humourous pieces ..... II. 96
Kit-cat Club, account of ..... I. 119
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, Mr. Addison's verses to..... I. 120

L.

Vol. Page
Letters, original, of Mr. Addison ..... I. 32, 128, 130
Letters, Commonwealth of..... I. 191
Leti Gregorio, anecdote of..... II. 41
Library, Mr. Addison's, sold by auction..... II. 51
Lillie, Charles, anecdote of..... I. 23
Literary labour ..... I. 3
London Evening Post, letter addressed to the..... II. 162
Loretto, Mr. Addison's journey from, to Rome..... II. 228
Lottery, account of a new one in the Tatler..... I. 26
Love-plot, the, in "Cato," Steele's judgment of..... I. 107

M.

Manchester, Lady, Mr. Addison's epigram on..... I. 36
..... the Earl of, Mr. Addison's letter to..... I. 177
Mandeville, his comparison of Mr. Addison..... I. 7
Manley, Mrs., her rebuke of Mr. Addison..... I. 109
Marino, St., Mr. Addison's account of..... II. 97
..... the respect with which Mr. Addison was spoken of by the inhabitants there..... II. 106
Marlborough, Duke of, his appearance at his own levee I. 203
May's Supplement to Lucan, Cato's soliloquy borrowed from ..... II. 89
Medals, Mr. Addison's dialogues on..... I. 10, 80, 91
Melmoth, Mr., his judgment of the writings of Mr. Addison ..... II. 93
Messiah, Pope's, first published in the Spectator..... I. 124
Michaelis, his remarks on the poem of the Campaign I. 159

Vol. Page

Milston, Mr. Addison sued for dilapidations in the house there ..... I. 7

Milton, Mr. Addison's veneration for..... I. 142

..... apotheosis of ..... I. 144

..... 's daughter, Mr. Addison's kindness to .... I. 158, II. 149

Miss and Mistress, how applied..... I. 1

Montague, Lady M. W., her letter to Mr. Pope..... I. 232

Montaigne's Essays, Mr. Addison's judgment of..... II. 34

Motto to Spectator, No. 154, translated by Arran..... I. 201

Mulberry Garden, the, account of..... I. 199

Musæ Anglicanæ, Mr. Addison's Latin poems published in ..... I 59

N.

Newcastle, the Duke of, Steele's expression to..... I. 71

O.

Offices held by Mr. Addison..... II. 89

Official embarrassment of Mr. Addison ..... II. 10

Oldmixon ..... I. 15

Opinions, various, of the tragedy of Cato..... I. 86

Orrery, Lord, his idea of the English triumvirate..... I. 136

Orthography of Mr. Addison, examples of the..... I. 167

Oxford, "Cato" acted at..... I. 78

P.

Padua, Mr. Addison's account of..... II. 230

Paper-sparing Pope, why so called..... I. 52

Papers in the Spectator, the Saturdays' composed chiefly by Mr Addison..... II. 54

Vol. Page

Paradise Lost, the effect of Mr. Addison's critique on II. 7
Parker, Lord Chancellor, Mr. Hughes's letter to..... II. 219
Parliament, Mr. Addison never able to speak in..... II. 11
Pastorals, Pope's celebrated Essay on, in the Guardian.. I. 110
Periwig, price of Sir Richard Steele's..... I. 15
Phraseology of Mr. Addison..... II. 143
Picture, account of a curious one..... I. 35
Picture gallery, the, at Coverley Hall..... II. 180
Piety of Steele, anecdote of the..... I. 57
Pippin woman, curious anecdote of..... I. 205
Playhouse, the, Sir Roger de Coverley's remarks at.... II. 202
Pope, his opinion of "Cato"..... I. 113
..... his respect for Mr. Addison..... I. 115
..... his letter to the Honourable ——..... I. 185
..... to Mr. Jervas ..... I. 194
..... to Mr. Addison ..... I. 131, 138
..... his papers in the Spectator..... II. 30
.....'s Dying Christian to his Soul..... II. 31
.....'s papers in the Guardian ..... II. 32
Preaching, anecdote of..... II. 16
Preface to Mr. Addison's Travels, remark on the..... I. 62
Preface to Virgil's Georgics, by Mr. Addison..... II. 55
Prologue to Mr. Addison's "Cato"..... I. 113
Protestant Interest, the, act for strengthening..... II. 70

Q.

Quarrel between Addison and Pope..... I. 125

R.

Rape of the Lock, some account of this poem..... I. 111
..... Mr. Addison's judgment of..... I. 124
Rapidity of composition, instance of in Steele..... I. 20

Vol. Page

Register, the, a periodical paper so called..... II. 53
Remains of Steele, shameful neglect of..... I. 64
Richardson, Mr., his remarks on the death of Cato..... I. 166
Robethon, M. de, Mr. Addison's letter to..... I. 44
Roman noses, spoken of by the Spectator..... I. 217
Rome, St. Peter's church described..... II. 239
Rowe, Mr. Addison's opinion of..... I. 100
Ruffhead, Mr., his unjust censure of Mr. Addison.... II. 72

S.

Savage, his adventure with Steele and Phillips..... I. 39
..... his strange adventure with Steele..... II. 21
School, story of Addison when at..... I. 48
Scurlock, Mrs., Steele's letters to..... I. 221, 222, 223
..... senr., Mrs., Steele's letter to ..... II. 18
Shops of London, the Spectator's remarks on..... I. 49
Sign-posts, the Tatler's observations on..... I. 11
Smith, singular interview of Mr. Addison with him.... I. 101
Solicitude of Mr. Addison for the success of his tragedy
of Cato..... I. 87
Spectator, the, Mr. Addison's opinion of..... I. 70
..... the different modes of Addison and Steele in
composing their papers ..... I. 88
..... advertisements in ..... II. 37, 40
..... the 8th volume, by whom chiefly composed II. 39
..... the great number sold daily..... II. 52
Spinamount, the original of this character..... I. 198
Spoons, the fashion of them in the Spectator's time.... I. 206
Spring-garden, the present Vauxhall..... I. 216
Spy upon the Spectator, a pamphlet so called..... I. 85

Vol. Page

Squinting-glasses, advertisement of, in the Spectator.... I. 207
Staffian family, the, introduced to the public by Steele I. 62
Stamp-duty, its operation on the Spectator, &c..... I. 21
Stanley, Mr. Temple, Addison's reproof of..... I. 51
Statue of King Charles II. curious anecdote of..... I. 208
Steele's letter to Dr. Swift..... I. 226
..... examples of his prodigality..... II. 23
..... letters to Lady Steele..... II. 213, 214, 215
..... and Addison, memorable instance of Addison's friendship for Steele..... II. 216
Style, Pope's opinion of Addison's..... I. 90
Swift, his opinion of Mr. Addison's sister..... I. 53
..... his letter to Mrs. Johnson..... I. 204
..... Mr. Addison's letter to ..... II. 12

T.

Taciturnity of Addison, remark on..... II. 41
Tatler, the supposed origin of two curious papers in the I. 4
..... Ditto..... I. 20
..... first set on foot by Steele..... I. 190
..... character of that work..... II. 63
Temple of Fame, Steele's judgment of..... I. 114
Tender Husband, comedy of, written by Steele..... I. 68
..... dedicated to Mr. Addison ..... I. 182
Theatre, the English, Voltaire's opinion of..... I. 102
..... licentiousness of ..... I. 218
Theodosius and Constantia, Dr. Langhorne's story of I. 202
Tickell, Mr. how he first acquired the notice of Mr. Addison..... I. 96
..... Mr. Addison's affection for him..... II. 29

Vol. Page

Translations, several, of the tragedy of Cato..... I. 85
Travels, Mr. Addison's, their slow sale at first publishing I. 61
..... dedication of..... II. 60
Trumbull, Sir William, Mr. Pope's letter to..... I. 188
Tutor, Addison becomes tutor to a travelling squire.... I. 220
Twickenham, Mr. Pope's house at..... II. 33

V.

Venice, Mr. Addison's account of..... I. 149
Virgil, Steele's remark on a passage of..... II. 7
Voltaire, his expression of the style of Addison..... I. 38
..... his remark on the elevation of Addison.... I. 84
..... his disgusting behaviour at Mr. Pope's house at Twickenham ..... II. 34

W.

Walpole, Horace, his judgment of the style of Addison I. 133
Warwick, the Countess of, Mr. Addison's marriage to.. I. 55
..... introduction to I. 89
..... Mr. Addison first pays his addresses to her..... I. 164
..... discovers Mr. Addison's passion for her..... II. 11
..... the Earl of, Mr. Addison's letters to.. I. 154, 157
Webster, Mr. his lines to Mr. Addison on publishing his "Cato" ..... I. 47
Westminster-abbey, Sir Roger de Coverley's visit to, in company with the Spectator..... II. 189
Wharton, Lord, Mr. Addison's letter to ..... I. 168, 170

Vol. Page

Whiston, Mr., befriended by Mr. Addison ..... II. 54
Wigs, full-bottomed, by whom invented..... I. 204
Wimble, Will, for whom this character was designed... I. 40
Windows, the custom of breaking them by half-pence I. 18
Windsor Forest, the poem of, said to be offensive to Mr. Addison ..... I. 74
Works, Mr. Addison's, singular circumstances attending their publication ..... I. 83
Wortley's, Mr., letters to Mr. Addison..I. 236, 238, 240, 241
Writings of Addison and Steele, the difficulty of distinguishing them..... I. 18
..... of Mr. Addison, the equality of their excellence II. 52

Y.

Yorke, Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, his letter to the Spectator on travelling..... I. 209
Young, Dr., his characteristics of the writings of Mr. Addison ..... II. 8
..... his anecdote of Mr. Addison..... II. 90
..... his remarks on the genius of..... II. 91

VALUABLE BOOKS,

Lately published by RICHARD PHILLIPS, *No.* 71, *St. Paul's Church-Yard.*

1. WALPOLIANA, on the plan of the *Addisoniana*; consisting of original bon-mots, apophthegms, observations on life and literature, with extracts from unpublished letters, of the late HORACE WALPOLE, Earl of Orford. In two elegant volumes, foolscap 8vo. embellished with two vignette titles, and with fac-similes of the hand-writing of Mr. Gray and Mr. Walpole, price 9s. in boards.

2. SWIFTIANA *(also on the same plan)*; with portraits and with fac-similes of Swift and Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and a great number of his contemporaries. In two elegant volumes, price 10s. 6d. in boards.

3. THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WIT; or, LOUNGER'S LIBRARY; containing not only all the best pieces of wit and humour to be found in previous collections, but also several thousand additional articles, in part selected from scarce books; in part original; and, in part translated from foreign languages. A NEW EDITION *corrected and greatly improved throughout*, price 6s. in boards.

A complete and comprehensive collection of pieces of wit, superior to the vulgar and hackneyed Jokes of Joe Miller, and free from the indecencies which have disgraced former collections of this nature, has long been a desideratum among books. The Encyclopedia of Wit has been compiled with an express view to supply the existing deficiency, by a gentleman, who, during a long and active life, has made it his amusement to collect materials for such a work from every possible source.

	Vol.	Page
Whiston, Mr., befriended by Mr. Addison	II.	54
Wigs, full-bottomed, by whom invented	I.	204
Wimble, Will, for whom this character was designed	I.	40
Windows, the custom of breaking them by half-pence	I.	18
Windsor Forest, the poem of, said to be offensive to Mr. Addison	I.	74
Works, Mr. Addison's, singular circumstances attending their publication	I.	83
Wortley's, Mr., letters to Mr. Addison	I.	236, 238, 240, 241
Writings of Addison and Steele, the difficulty of distinguishing them	I.	18
..... of Mr. Addison, the equality of their excellence	II.	52

Y.

Yorke, Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, his letter to the Spectator on travelling	I.	209
Young, Dr., his characteristics of the writings of Mr. Addison	II.	8
..... his anecdote of Mr. Addison	II.	90
..... his remarks on the genius of	II.	91

VALUABLE BOOKS,

Lately published by RICHARD PHILLIPS, *No.* 71, *St. Paul's Church-Yard.*

1. WALPOLIANA, on the plan of the *Addisoniana*; consisting of original bon-mots, apophthegms, observations on life and literature, with extracts from unpublished letters, of the late HORACE WALPOLE, Earl of Orford. In two elegant volumes, foolscap 8vo. embellished with two vignette titles, and with fac-similes of the hand-writing of Mr. Gray and Mr. Walpole, price 9s. in boards.

2. SWIFTIANA *(also on the same plan)*; with portraits and with fac-similes of Swift and Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and a great number of his contemporaries. In two elegant volumes, price 10s. 6d. in boards.

3. THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WIT; or, LOUNGER'S LIBRARY; containing not only all the best pieces of wit and humour to be found in previous collections, but also several thousand additional articles, in part selected from scarce books; in part original; and, in part translated from foreign languages. A NEW EDITION *corrected and greatly improved throughout*, price 6s. in boards.

A complete and comprehensive collection of pieces of wit, superior to the vulgar and hackneyed jokes of Joe Miller, and free from the indecencies which have disgraced former collections of this nature, has long been a desideratum among books. The Encyclopedia of Wit has been compiled with an express view to supply the existing deficiency, by a gentleman, who, during a long and active life, has made it his amusement to collect materials for such a work from every possible source.

4. ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY; or, ANECDOTES of NATURAL HISTORY; containing all the most remarkable facts and anecdotes which have ever been published, relative to quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects. Collected and arranged by the Rev. W. BINGLEY, F. L. S. &c. &c. In three volumes, 8vo. price 1l. 7s. in boards.

5. THE LETTERS and other WORKS of the Right Honourable LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, now first published, by permission, from the original manuscripts in the possession of the most noble the Marquis of BUTE; none of which had hitherto been printed, excepting an imperfect copy of the letters from Constantinople. To the whole is prefixed authentic memoirs of her life, by JAMES DALLAWAY, M.B. interspersed with letters hitherto unpublished, from Pope, Young, Fielding, and other distinguished characters. In five volumes, elegantly printed in thick-post 8vo. price 2l. in boards, decorated with portraits, by CAROLINE WATSON, and with fac-similes; also a small edition in five elegant volumes, foolscap 8vo. price 25s. in boards.

6. THE SORROWS of WERTER, by the BARON GOETHE, translated from the last German edition, by WILLIAM RENDER, D.D. In one volume, 12mo. with a beautiful frontispiece, representing Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter, designed by Burney, and engraved by Fittler. Price 4s. in boards; or another edition, superbly printed by Bensley, on thick-post 8vo. with proof impression of the frontispiece, price 7s. 6d. in boards.

N.B. *This is the only edition of this popular work that has been translated from its original language. The edition which has been many years on sale was translated from a French translation.*

7. THE PICTURE OF LONDON for 1803; being a full and correct description of the British metropolis, and of its vicinity; and a faithful guide to all its curiosities, amusements, exhibitions, public institutions, and whatever is remarkable and deserving of notice; with a great variety of useful tables, containing the hackney-coach fares, lists

of streets, inns, and coffee-houses, churches, public offices, &c. A new edition, corrected to the present time, illustrated with a large modern map of London, with another map of the environs; and embellished with eight beautiful views, price 5s. bound in red.

8. PUBLIC CHARACTERS of 1803—4, consisting of biographical memoirs of eminent living persons, faithfully and impartially compiled from authentic sources. In one large volume, 8vo. price half-a-guinea in boards.

*** *Also the five preceding volumes, all at the same price.*

"This work proceeds according to its first design, and it seems to improve as it advances with time. The volumes contain a considerable number of memoirs of persons, our contemporaries, who figure in the moral, the political, and the scientific walks of society. The discussion of living characters is a difficult and delicate task, but in the execution of it, the authors of this work have acquitted themselves with as much success as can reasonably be expected." *Monthly Review.*

"The memoirs contained in these volumes, are full and accurate in point of information; judicious in their literary and critical strictures; and exhibit well-drawn and appropriate characters of their respective subjects. They are not written under the uniform influence of any particular theological or political bias." *New Annual Register.*

"This work excites much curiosity, because it professedly treats of living characters, and we infer that its information is impartial and correct. It is but justice to own, that we have been altogether amused by the publication." *British Critic.*

"A spirit of candour and moderation evidently pervades the present publication. Some of the characters are drawn with great discrimination, and display an acuteness of powers, and a felicity of expression, not to be found in the fleeting productions of the day. In short, the work abounds in moral and critical observations, that evince correctness of judgment and delicacy of taste." *London Review.*

"This work discovers respectable traits of discrimination, and has the merit of being uncontaminated by the virulence of party spirit." *Critical Review.*

9. THE GUIDE to all the WATERING and SEA-BATHING PLACES, including the usual tour in Wales, and a concise description of the Lakes of Cumberland. Illustrated with upwards of SIXTY maps and views. Price 12s. in boards, 12s. 6d. in red, or 13s. calf gilt.

10. FEMALE BIOGRAPHY; or, MEMOIRS of the LIVES of ILLUSTRIOUS and CELEBRATED WOMEN, of all ages and countries. By MARY HAYS. In six elegant volumes, 12mo. price 1l. 11s. 6d. in boards; or, intended as presents to ladies, elegantly bound and gilt, price two guineas.

11. THE LIFE and TIMES of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of Englifh poetry; including memoirs of his near friend and kinsman, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. By WILLIAM GODWIN, author of Political Juftice, Caleb Williams, &c. In two elegant volumes, 4to. price three guineas and a half in boards, illuftrated with portraits.

12. TRAVELS in GERMANY, HOLLAND, FLANDERS, and FRANCE, to PARIS; with numerous particulars relative to the present ftate of that capital; its manners, characters, paintings, music, theatres, gardens, inftitutions, architecture, &c. &c. By THOMAS HOLCROFT. In two elegant volumes, 4to. price eight guineas in boards, decorated with a great number of vignettes, together with a magnificent atlas of large engravings, by the firft artifts, representing the principal objects and buildings in Paris, from beautiful drawings made under the direction of the author. And an edition in which the plates are somewhat reduced in size, and folded into the volumes, price five guineas in boards.

13. THE HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR, from its commencement in 1792, until the fignature of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and France, in 1802. To which are prefixed, a review of the causes, and early progrefs, of the French Revolution, and copious indexes. By ALEXANDER STEPHENS, of the honourable society of the Middle Temple, Esq. In two very large volumes, medium 4to. illuftrated with maps, price three guineas and a half in boards.

14. A UNIVERSAL HISTORY, ANCIENT and MODERN, comprehending a correct and complete view

of the transactions of every nation, kingdom, and empire, on the globe, from the earliest accounts of time, to the general peace of 1802, in twenty-five elegant volumes, price 5s. each in boards, or 3s. 9d. each in boards upon a small and common paper. By WILLIAM MAVOR, LL. D. vicar of Hurley in Berkshire, and chaplain to the Earl of Moira: author of the British Nepos, &c.

The Ancient History consists of nine volumes, and the Modern of sixteen. The whole, or any particular history, may be had complete or separate, in a great variety of bindings.

The English language has hitherto been without any popular view of Universal History. It will be immediately confessed by every competent judge, that Bossuet is too short and unsatisfactory; that Voltaire, whatever may be his demerits in other respects, is too gay, unelaborate, and desultory; and that the great English Universal History is rather to be consulted like a Dictionary, than to be perused as an Analysis of the subject to which it relates. The author of the present work has been solicitous to avoid the extremes of prolixity and brevity; to be distinct and comprehensive: he hopes, therefore, that his work will prove a desirable acquisition to young persons, to public schools, to ladies, to circulating libraries, to all private collections, and, in general, to all persons to whom the Universal History, in sixty-six volumes, is either too voluminous, or too expensive.

15. MEMOIRS of the late Mrs. ROBINSON, written by HERSELF. To which are subjoined several Poems. A new edition; in two elegant volumes, foolscap 8vo. price *half-a-guinea* in boards.

16. THE UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHICAL and HISTORICAL DICTIONARY; being a faithful account of the lives, actions, and characters, of the most eminent persons of all ages and countries, with the revolutions of states, and the succession of sovereign princes; containing two thousand articles more than are to be found in the General Biographical Dictionary in fifteen volumes. By JOHN WATKINS, A. M. LL.D. Price half-a-guinea in boards, or 12s. bound and lettered.

"Upon a minute investigation of this Dictionary, we are pleased with the industry and judgment displayed in its execution. So useful a volume has not for a long time fallen in our way; and we are astonished at the great number of original articles which it contains. Of these there are at least two thousand. We recommend it as a valuable repository of biographical knowledge, to all who cannot obtain large collections. To young persons, in particular, it must be a very acceptable present." *London Review.*

17. BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of TWO HUNDRED of the FOUNDERS of the FRENCH REPUBLIC, and of other persons the most distinguished in the progress of the revolution, particularly of the Chief Consul Bonaparte, and of the principal Members of the present Government. A new edition, corrected and revised, in two volumes, 12mo. price 12s. in boards.

18. TRAVELS in TURKEY, ASIA-MINOR, SYRIA, and across the Desert into EGYPT, during the years 1799, 1800, and 1801, in company with the Turkish army and the British military mission, which was sent from this country into Turkey, under the command of General Koehler. By WILLIAM WITTMAN, M.D. In one volume, 4to. price two guineas and a half in boards, embellished with nearly thirty coloured engravings.

19. AN ACCOUNT of the late EXILE into SIBERIA of AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, and of the other extraordinary incidents which happened to him in Russia. Written by HIMSELF, and translated by the Rev. B. BERESFORD. In three volumes, foolscap 8vo. price 12s. in boards.

20. A SERIES of POPULAR ESSAYS on the means of preserving and restoring HEALTH, on a plan entirely popular. By THOMAS BEDDOES, M.D. In three volumes, 8vo. price 27s. in boards.

T. Davison, White-friars.

PR
3306
A523
v.2

Addisoniana

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY